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Holiday Number -- 16 Pages.

The Freeman.

Christmas 1897 Number.

VOLUME 9
NUMBER 51.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.
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AFRO-AMERICAN JOURNALISM

A Candid Review of the Fourth Estate by one of the Craft.

INGREDIENTS OF THE IDEAL JOURNAL

Benefits Confered by the Afro American Press—Analysis of the Relation with the People.

BY R. W. THOMPSON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Negro journalism, viewed from any standpoint, is always a pertinent subject for discussion. It is a vital force in the world's economies, a potent influence in the scheme of civilization, and a co-equal factor with the schoolhouse and pulpit in the elevation of the race. In a larger sense than either of the last named it deals directly upon the Negro's social relation to his fellow-man, and is less warmly supported than either in its efforts toward the promotion of a higher grade of citizenship.

Time was when a newspaper was regarded as a luxury—to be enjoyed only by the elect. It is now conceded to be a prime necessity, and labor saving inventions have brought it within the reach of the many. Particularly, is the Negro journal a necessity. There is a race problem in this land the solution of which is the most vexatious problem in the annals of American history. To light up the dark places, to dispel the superstitions born of ignorance and to ameliorate the accursed prejudices fostered by two centuries of slavery and the duties to which the Negro journalist must prayerfully address himself. As long as one class of citizens arbitrarily assumes the position of superiority as a vested right, based upon mere color, and the other is forced by the artificial conditions thus created to occupy a lower stratum than its worth entitles it to claim, there will be a fruitful field for the operations of Negro journalism. Just as long as tyranny and oppression, violence and disorder run rampant in the breast of the dominant faction, and just so long as the weaker element is compelled to do battle by agitation, litigation or counter-force to secure its constitutional privileges, just so long will the Negro journal remain an absolute necessity. The small minded may sneer and the weak-witted may scoff at the humble ventures that essay to defend the 9,000,000 of proscribed beings on this continent, but the wise are facing bravely and candidly this problem of race and are lending aid and comfort to every agency designed to lessen its baneful effects. They properly regard it as a bitter example of those "unsettled questions which have no regard for the peace of nations." To them Negro journalism stands as the high priest of a new dispensation. How many of us have paused and seriously considered just

WHAT NEGRO JOURNALISM IS DOING

for the masses? How many of us have honestly weighed our obligations to this masterful fraternity and responded to its demands in substantial terms? Haven't we too often classed it as a thing apart and failed to grasp its illimitable significance? The life of the colored journalist is far from being a bower of roses. It is one continuous struggle against untoward circumstances. Despite the hard fact that the editorial work of many writers is done late at night, after protracted hours of labor in the stern conflict for existence in other fields, and notwithstanding that where a journalist is able to give his entire time to the business he is frequently sole solicitor, clerk, compositor, foreman, editorial staff, collector and office-boy combined—despite all these disadvantages, the beneficent effect of the Negro press has been felt everywhere, and the fire of our enemies has been drawn by its manliness and courage. The dozens of able men who are engaged in this work, most of them doing so at tremendous personal sacrifices, are true patriots and philanthropists. Bearing burdens from which timid men shrink, leading cheerily where none but the bravest dare follow, blazing pathways to loftier heights, and contending stubbornly against malicious opposers for every inch of ground, this noble band marches steadily onward year after year, hoping calmly for the "joy that cometh in the morning." Through their efforts Negro writers, for whose products few Caucasian journals could find space, have been brought to the front and accorded a fair hearing.

THE BRIGHT YOUNG PEN PUSHERS

now enjoying national reputation might never have emerged from obscurity had it not been for the enterprising and progressive Negro journals. In this class J. E Bruce, R. H. Terrell, W. T Menard, Emmet J. Scott, J. S. Moten, A. O. Stafford, Phil. H Brown, Edward Elmore Brock, A. M Hodges, M. A. Majors, Rev J. M. Henderson, L. M. Hershaw, W. E. B. DuBois, William M. Lewis, C. W. Anderson, Chas. S. Morris, Charles Alexander and many others, are shining examples Not only have the proprietors of newspapers developed and encouraged scores of literary geniuses, but they have opened avenues for progress along business and industrial lines. They are giving employment to a small army of young colored men and women as book-keepers, stenographers and canvassers. They are lending practical aid in solving

THE RACE'S INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM

by yearly instructing and affording employment to printers and other mechanics. They are building up a market for Negro labor, and doing much to neutralize the demoralizing influence of the narrow-gauged trades unions. There are now in Washington, and in every large city in the land, colored job printers who can turn out a piece of work that would do credit to the best establishment of the so-called superior race. It is to the colored printing office that they owe their opportunity. Some of our best mechanics have graduated from Negro newspapers whose outfit of type would not have brought a respectable figure in a junk shop. Ingenuity and natural capacity will tell in any environment.

The Negro editor has increased the self respect of his people by collating and publishing their creditable achievements, instilling pride of race by recounting evidences of progress in every department of human endeavor, furnishing a periodical compendium of history, and placing the Negro in his most attractive light before the critics of the world, while the white press, unfortunately, is detailing our crimes and shortcomings under "scare" head lines and apparently finding more solid comfort in the police court record of our lower orders. The alert Negro journalist finds in the church, the school room, the inventor's studio and in honorable political or social station the most inviting field for his operations. The single fact that the average white daily is so prone to display the rottenness of Willow Tree Alley in prominent type, and prints our laudable deeds in nonpareil—if not ignoring them altogether—emphasizes the necessity for the high class Negro journal. It is a sad commentary upon our civilization when some of the best Caucasian papers will devote a column to police court episodes and dismiss an important gathering of eminent colored ministers in six lines. The truly representative Afro-American journal reflects the sober judgment of the race upon topics of general concern, and is its official spokesman. The rights of no people can be ruthlessly invaded whose press is fearless, pure, upright and patriotic. No people can forever be denounced as ignorant, vicious or shiftless who support a press that is intelligent, moral and thrifty.

Important as the journal is to all the people, it is a shameful fact that Negro journalism, generally speaking,

DOES NOT PAY.

The vast majority of our papers are printed and circulated at a financial loss. Those whose receipts from subscriptions and advertisements make dividends possible are few and far between. Of the two hundred or more papers now published the exceptions are only sufficiently numerous to prove the rule. After more than half a century of floundering on the journalistic sea, Negro journalism as a business ro profession has scarcely passed the experimental stage. As long as this condition remains true it will be impossible for the Negro press to exert over the affairs of the nation the influence and prestige to which it is legitimately entitled. Until the Negro journal is sustained by a constituency of its own race it cannot rise to the full measure of its possibilities or take rank with the great organs of the German and Irish people in controlling public action.

Why does not the Negro journal pay, and why is not its influence as potent as it should be in shaping the destinies of the race? The

Continued on Fifth Page.

PROF. W. H. COUNCILL,
President of the Industrial and Agricultural School, Normal, Ala.

EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.

Speaking of the Negro, Only the Liberality of Kind

NORTHERN FRIENDS MADE PROMINENT

Notes From the Southland—Education Which is Most Needed in the "Black Belt."

BY W. H COUNCILL, NORMAL, ALA.

The white people of the South have never received full credit for their support of Negro education. The violent outbursts of passion, and often lawlessness, which have occurred in the South since the war, have never very materially hindered the progress of Negro education. I can not now call to mind a single plank in any party platform which took firm stand in opposition to Negro education. Now and then some minor local opposition has found expression in the public prints, and these were often distorted and magnified by people whose unfriendly feeling toward the South had become chronic. That certain localities in the South have defrauded Negro children of their legal share of the school tax, I admit; but I still insist that legislative, executive and judicial powers of Southern governments have been fair, yea, liberal, in affairs pertaining to Negro education. Of course, the white South has had its peculiar views on social equality, which have more or less entered into its legislation on education. But I think that where such views were construed to be detrimental to Negro education, they were only meant more to emphasize the white South's attitude on the social equality question than to give expression to real opposition to Negro education. The pulpit, the lecture rostrum, the public prints of the white South have all along advocated the wisdom of educating the Negro.

In speaking of Negro education in the South, the liberality of our kind Northern friends, alone, is made prominent. This is a great mistake. While the Christian and generous North has given of its abundance since the war, $25,000,000 for Negro education, it must be remembered that it has gone largely through denominational channels a kind of pardonable religious selfishness. But what shall I say of the South? Not a Negro church, or school house, of the thousands which dot the South like oasis in a desert, has been reared without contribution from the white South. In hundreds of cases the lands have been donated by white people The army of Negro ministers and the thirty thousand Negro teachers in the South must attest the correctness of this statement. And the South, out of its weakness and poverty, has gone on giving, and continues to give, regardless of denominational lines. I do not take into account $100,000,000 contributed by the states from taxation, as the Negro property, although small in amount, forms a part of that fund. Negro industrial education especially commends itself to the white South, and what the white South recommends for the Negro in this regard, is earnestly advocating for white boys and girls. I think that I can safely say that every ex confederate general, colonel, major, and captain, are willing to stand up and be counted for Negro education; and when you shall have counted the ex-confederate generals, colonels, majors, and captains there will not be left a sufficient number of the old battle-scared veterans to form a meeting which could not be squelched in one minute by the "Governors" and "Judges." So, judging by the sentiment of the white South, I must conclude that some sort of Negro education is fairly safe. There are many reasons, which I shall not attempt to give now, that make the

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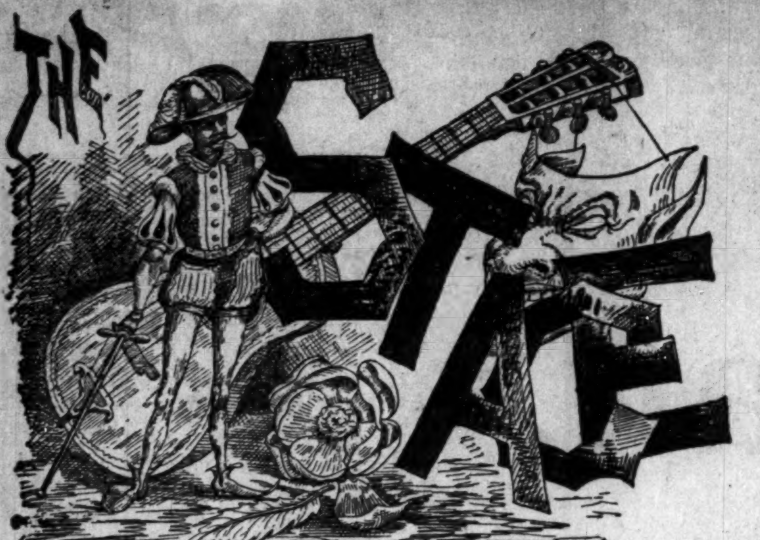


We desire weekly information as to dates, etc., of Afro-American professionals which will be published gratis, address JAY H. JAX, care The Freeman, Indianapolis, Ind.

"Big Sensation"—New York City, this week.

‡ † ‡

In the Indian Territory—Wright's Nashville Students.

‡ ‡ ‡

"Darkest America" will be seen at the Park Theatre, Indianapolis, soon.

‡ ‡ ‡

John W Isham's "Octoroons" are touring the United States with success.

‡ ‡ ‡

Madam Selika and Signor Velosko, are in Kingston, Jamaica, on a concert tour.

‡ ‡ ‡

Fred W. Simpson, trombone soloist, is using a Conn instrument, made especially for him.

‡ † ‡

Jones and Sutton, a new sketch team in the East, appeared successfully at Proctor's New York City, last week.

‡ ‡ ‡

Billy and Willie Farrell have had their engagement on the Pacific coast extended for five weeks, making ten weeks in all.

‡ ‡ ‡

Hillman and Floyd, singing and dancing comedians, are meeting with much success with Washburn's Double Minstrels.

‡ ‡ ‡

George's Operatic Colored Minstrels in conjunction with the Georgia Graduates are meeting with great success in North Dakota.

‡ ‡ ‡

The Black Patti Troubadour Sextette does a land office business with the Edison Phonograph agents, who realize the value of first-class selections.

‡ ‡ ‡

Major John Pamlin in his lightning gun drill and classic juggling is one of the strongest features in the olio with George's Operatic Colored Minstrels, and is making a big hit.

‡ ‡ ‡

John W. Isham's "Oriental America" is enjoying a most prosperous run throughout Great Britain and the foreign countries, and it will remain abroad until next May or June before sailing for home.

‡ ‡ ‡

"The Argument" is the title of the new original song by Gus Hall, of the "Black Patti Troubadours," and is now being sung with with much success by the Black Patti Troubadour Sextette.

‡ ‡ ‡

St. Clair's "Black Four Hundred" opened their season at the Gillis Opera House, Kansas City, Mo, week of the 6th The company is booked through Missouri, Kansas, Iowa and Nebraska. The following is the staff: St. Clair and G. I. Dinwiddie, proprietors; Al Strode, business manager. Roster is Phil Owens, Jean Rector, John Green, Jas. Hunn, William A. Minor, Mary Johnson, Sadie Williams, Charles Young, Wm. Robb, the Black Swan, Clara Collins, Robt. Wilson, Frank Glass, Ernest Theis, Frank Martin; John Glass, Hurley Thies, Geo. Taylor, Steve Wheeler and "Sprat" Springle.

‡ ‡ ‡

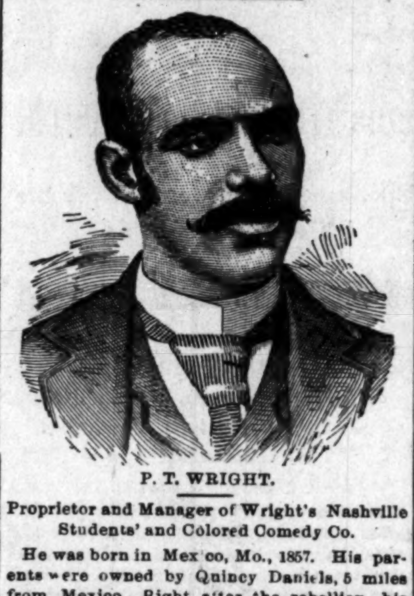
An important event occurred Wednesday evening, Dec. 1, at Bristol, Eng., at which time was celebrated, in great and glorious style, the marriage of Bennie Mercer, of the Mobile Pickanniny Four, of John W. Isham's "Oriental America" company, now touring Europe, to Kittie Bottomore, a soubrette, of London, Eng. Mr. Isham tendered the newly wedded couple a sumptuous banquet in commemoration of the event, which was attended by the members of his company.

‡ ‡ ‡

Harry Gilliam is still with the Nashville Students making a decided hit with his acrobatic work. His sister Miss Bessie Gilliam has recently joined him from Columbus, O., and they will work together; they will be known hereafter as the "Afro-American Comedy Duo.

‡ ‡ ‡

Goggin & Davis, the peerless acrobatic team, are now in their 14th week with Kelly & Mason's "Who is Who" company, and making big hits. They are just after making a tour of most the principal cities of the South, and were treated very good by the press and public. The coming season they will present an entirely new act which is now being written for them.



P. T. WRIGHT.

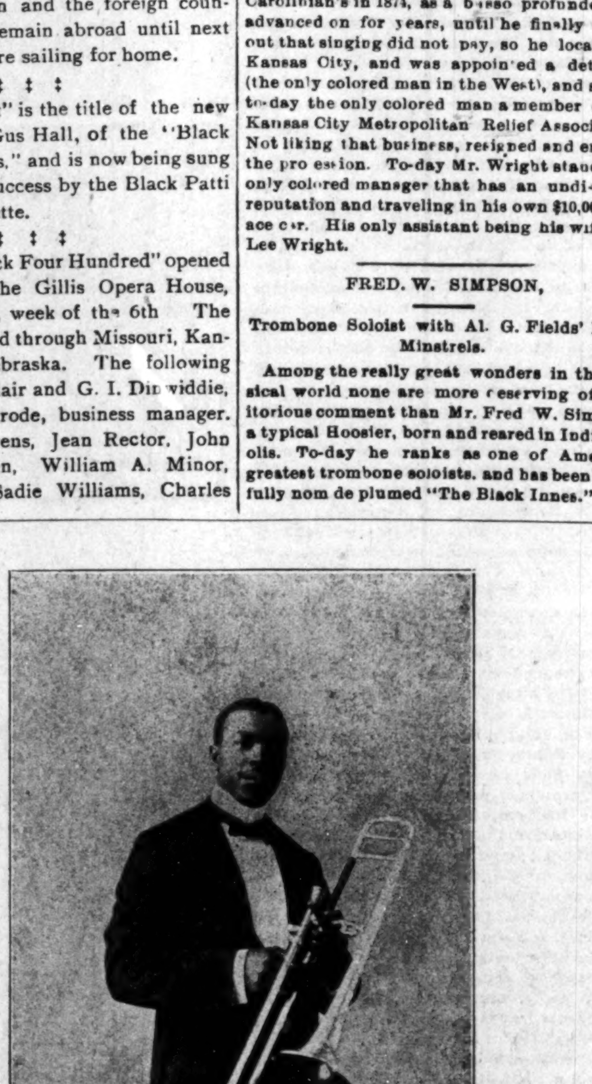
Proprietor and Manager of Wright's Nashville Students' and Colored Comedy Co.

He was born in Mexico, Mo., 1857. His parents were owned by Quincy Daniels, 5 miles from Mexico. Right after the rebellion, his parents moved to Illinois and made McComb (McDonald Co.), their home. There he entered the public school (being the first colored child to enter). During his evenings and nights he learned the barber trade His first appearance in the show business was with T. H. Bland's Carolinian's in 1874, as a basso profundo. He advanced on for years, until he finally found out that singing did not pay, so he located in Kansas City, and was appointed a detective (the only colored man in the West), and stands to-day the only colored man a member of the Kansas City Metropolitan Relief Association Not liking that business, resigned and entered the profession. To-day Mr. Wright stands the only colored manager that has an undisputed reputation and traveling in his own $10,000 palace car. His only assistant being his wife, Ida Lee Wright.

FRED. W. SIMPSON,

Trombone Soloist with Al. G. Fields' Negro Minstrels.

Among the really great wonders in the musical world none are more deserving of meritorious comment than Mr. Fred W. Simpson, a typical Hoosier, born and reared in Indianapolis. To-day he ranks as one of America's greatest trombone soloists. and has been rightfully nom de plumed "The Black Innes." With a fair education, received in the public schools of Indianapolis, and with a meagre knowledge of music, he began the study of the slide trombone, and his success has been phenomenal. Mr. Simpson never had a private lesson in his life, which proves conclusively that his ability is wonderful and natural. He has been playing a slide trombone for six years and has filled some very important engagements. During the seasons of 1893, 1894 and 1895 he was a very valuable adjunct with Manara's Mammoth Minstrels and made a successful trip with this company through California and the entire West, including British America. Season of '95-'96 he was with the Al. G Fields' "Darkest America;" the season of '96 he joined Al. G. Fields' Negro Minstrels, which company he is still with A funny experience in Mr. Simpson's life was when he was learning to play the trombone in a band-room; the professor in charge of the band told him he could never learn to play the trombone, and to give it up and try something else. Not being daunted by the remarks of the professor, he kept on practicing and happily he succeeded, as the world well knows. Mr. Simpson uses a Conn instrument, made especially for him.



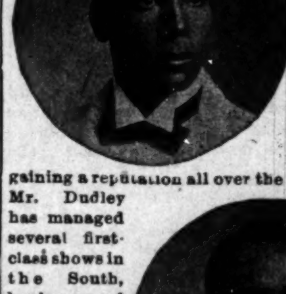
FRED W. SIMPSON,

Trombone Soloist, with Al. G. Field Negro Minstrels.

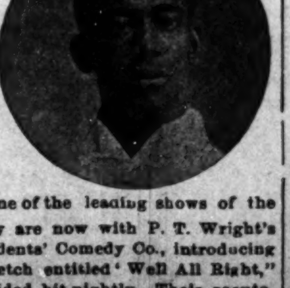
J. ED. GREEN,

Manager Diamond Quartet with Richards and Pringle's Georgia Minstrels.

This is a good likeness of J. Ed. Green, a young Indiana lad, who is rapidly coming to the front as vocalist and author. Mr. Green was born at New Albany, Ind., in 1872. He attended and finished school in that city. From a boy he showed marked signs of a dramatic reader and vocolist. He made his debut at Masonic Temple Theatre, Louisville, Ky., with Madame Selika, singing a very difficult baritone solo, "Bandit's Life." For several seasons thereafter he confined his efforts to entertaining at clubs and church concerts, and his work met with such emphatic approval that he decided to branch out into vaudeville, so during the season of '92 he organized the now famous Diamond Quartet, went to Cincinnati, joined Bostwick's Specialty Co., and toured the principal cities of Canada, managing the stage. During the season of '94-'95 he placed his quartets with Whallen and Martell's "South Before the War Co.," and for two seasons he directed choruses with that organization. The summer of '96 he wrote and staged at Havelin's theatre, Chicago, the big production entitled "Fred Douglass' Reception," which was a great success and was entitled "Black American Troubadours." The Original Diamond Quartet under his management included Messrs. I. N. Smith, tenor; Edwin Lafore, tenor; James E. Hood, bass, and stormed the East for four successive seasons. The quartet now includes Messrs. I. N. Smith, Wm. Dixon and A. J. Smith. The subject's talent as a writer is noticed from his several editions of song and drama, namely "The Girl that I Would Wed," "Letters We all Love to Read." Two songs are now being featured by many prominent vocalist, "The Hoosier Detective" a drama, and "Jack's Return from Africa." are also works from his pen. Mr. Green is one of the most cultured and refined gentlemen in the profession, having a broad heart, welcome smile for all, and to know him is to admire and respect him. Mr. Green and his quartet are now members of Richards and Pringle's Minstrels, he being interlocutor of the aggregation.



The accompanying portraits are the faces of the two sketch artists, comedians and dancers. Mr. S. H Dudley and A. P. Harris, the favorites in the South and are fast gaining a reputation all over the United States. Mr. Dudley has managed several first-class shows in the South, having good success with his own show, namely Dudley's Georgia minstrels. Mr. Harris has filled an important position with some of the leading shows of the country. They are now with P. T. Wright's Nashville Students' Comedy Co., introducing their latest sketch entitled 'Well All Right," which is a decided hit nightly. Their reputation as performers is supported by gentlemanly manner, which is the crown of success. We will further add, the subject of our sketch, Mr. Dudley and Harris, would be pleased to hear from all of their friends. Mail wil always catch them by addressing it to Reece, Kans., care P. G. Lowery.

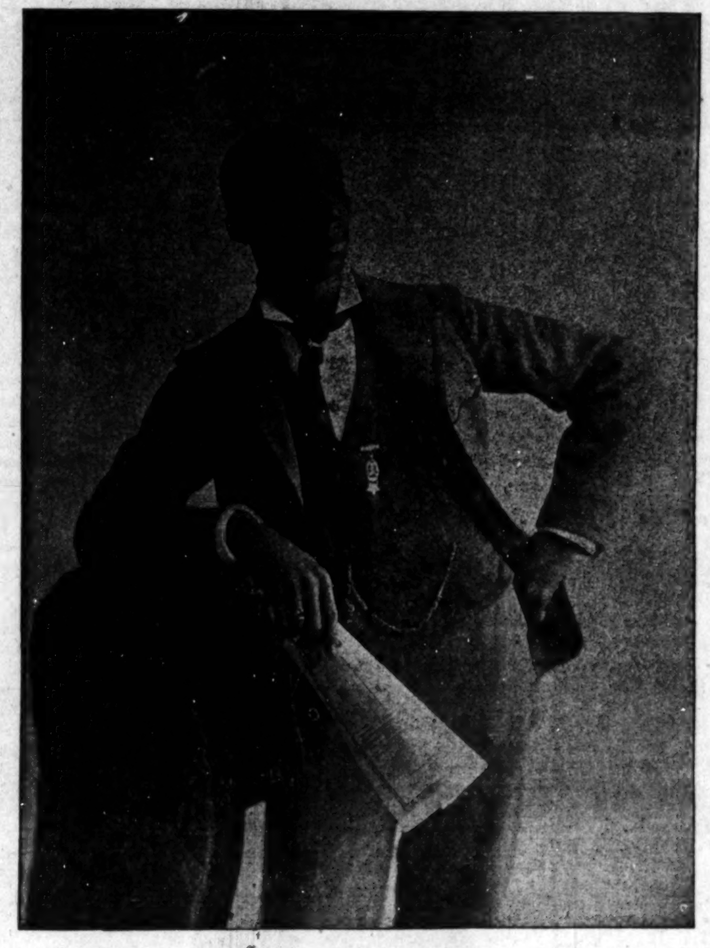


Our Holiday rates are now on. You can get The Freeman for one year now for $1 00. Subscribe at once.

GEORGE TITCHNER,

Producer, Comedian and Dancer, with Richards & Pringle's Georgia Minstrels.

The above is a good likeness of Mr. George Titchner, producer, comedian and dancer, who has caused millions to laugh. Since making his initial bow to the amusement loving people. Mr. Titchner has been a member of the following well-known organizations: Primrose & West's Big Minstrels, (30 blacks and 40 whites); Cleveland's Big Colored Minstrels; Cleveland's Big White and Colored Massive Minstrels; Al. G. Fields Refined Colored Minstrels; Al. G. Fields "Darkest America;" P. T. Wright's Nashville Students, Sawyer's Georgia Minstrels; Manager of Titchner & Dixon's Georgia Minstrels; Manager Titchner's Parlor Minstrels, and at present is stage manager of Richards & Pringle's --Rusco & Holland's Big Georgia Minstrels.



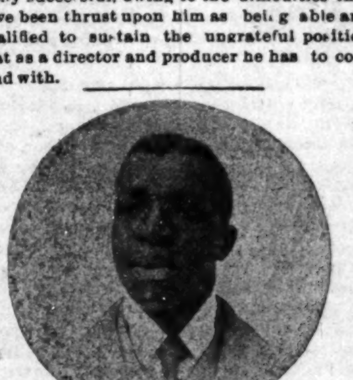
BILLY McCLAIN,

World's Greatest Negro Director-Comedian—with Jno. W. Vogel's "Darkest America."

BILLY McCLAIN,

The World's Greatest Negro Director Comedian, Jno. W. Vogel's "Darkest America."

The subject of this sketch. Mr. Billy McClain, who has educated more of his race for the stage than any other white or black man extant, needs no introduction for the successes of such productions as Pain's "Storming of Vicksburg," "Whallen and Martell's "South Before the War," Davis' "On the Mississippi," Nate Salisbury and Hon. Wm. F. Cody's (Buffalo Bill) "Black America," the largest Negro amusement institution ever organized, carrying 865 people under contract, and who wrote and starred in his own production, "Down on the Suwanee River," being the first colored man to star in a partly white cast, and up to the present has not had an absolute failure. For the past two seasons he has been piloting "Darkest America" to success, and in a great many other achievements he has been financially successful, owing to the difficulties that have been thrust upon him as being able and qualified to sustain the ungrateful position that as a director and producer he has to contend with.



JOHN RUCKER,

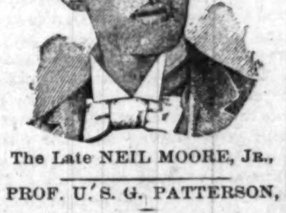
Comedian and Specialist, with Jno W. Vogel's "Darkest America."

John Rucker, one of the leading comedians and specialists with Jno. W. Vogel's "Darkest America," was born in Murfreesboro, Tenn., twenty-four years ago Mr. Rucker began his career in the show business at Huntsville, Ala. He organized and rehearsed an amateur minstrel show at Huntsville, which proved quite a success. In 1890 he joined the A. G Field white minstrels a valet to Mr Field Not being satisfied with this position he branched out as a comedian and has undoubtedly won fame and fortune in this line. Mr. Rucker selected his character as an old man impersonator in a strange but very natural manner. Strange from the fact that when quite a boy his father kept him at constant employment in the cotton fields, where he was associated only with aged and very settled old colored people who, in those times, would not allow youngsters to say much when around them. If they did the results were not very encouraging to the youngsters. Consequently Mr Rucker, in the language of our forefathers, was very often seen and not heard, and when out playing with the children he would always take the part of the father or "grand pap" as they called him He is a very clever dancer. Much credit is due Mr. Field for his kindness to Mr Rucker, and should the latter live a thousand years he would never forget Mr Field As the Alabama Blossom Mr. Rucker is a decided hit. The Washington Post, speaking of his impersonation of an aged Negro, says: "John Rucker is undoubtedly the greatest old man impersonator seen in Washington since Milt. G. Barlow's days."

IDA LEE WRIGHT.

Serpentine Dancer With Wright's Nashville Students.

The portrait above is that of Mrs. Ida Lee Wright, the estimable wife of Manager P. T. Wright, of the famous Nashville Students. Mrs. Wright is a native of Paola, Kan. She enjoys the distinction of being the first colored lady to do the serpentine dance. She is also the possessor of a rich contralto voice.



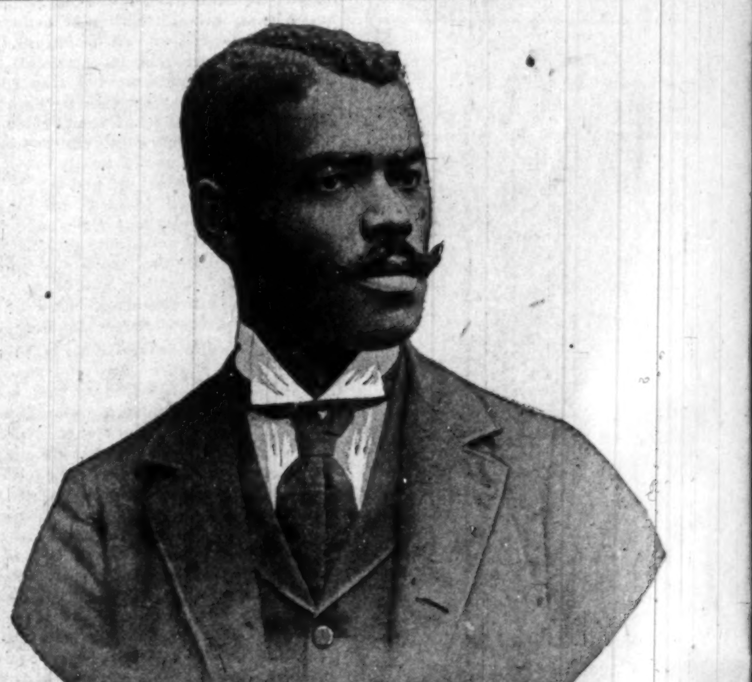
The Late NEIL MOORE, JR.,

PROF. U. S. G. PATTERSON,

Solo Cornetist and Vocal Director of Al. G. Field's Negro Minstrels.

The subject of this sketch is one of Virginia's bright stars. As a vocalist he ranks among the best the race has produced. He is a graduate of the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute of Petersburg, Va., class '91; was vocal music and brass band instructor in the same institution for a part of two years. He also held a similar position at Virginia Seminary for four years. As a musician, scholar, gentleman, he ranks among the best that Virginia affords. His professional career outside of his own state is quite limited. He began his professional career with the Cleveland and Haverly Mastodon Minstrels during the summer and fall of '96, and with that company he was quite a favorite.

"The hit of the first part of Cleveland and Haverly's Minstrels was U. S. G. Patterson singing, 'I Never Loved Until I Met You.'"—N. Y. Clipper, Sept. 26, 1896.



PROF. U. S. G. PATTERSON,

Cornetist and Vocal Diaector, with Al. G. Field Negro Minstrels.

GUSSIE LORD DAVIS,

The World Famed Song Writer and Composer.

GUSSIE L. DAVIS,

The World Famed Song Writer and Composer.

It is with much pleasure that we take in presenting to the thousands of readers of The Freeman this week to Mr. Gussie Lord Davis who has become famous in the musical world as an author and composer. Mr. Davis was born in Cincinnati, December 3 1863. He received an early education in that city, and when but eighteen years of age he developed a love for song, having put a little melody together, he wrote the words, had it arranged and named it "Maple on the Hill." He afterwards took it to several music dealers who laughed at the young composer. Finally arrangements were made with Helling & Co., to publish a number of copies for twenty dollars. The song was published and the author was handsomely repaid. Seeing the need of a more thorough musical education, young Davis applied for admission to the Nelson Musical College, of his native city, but, owing to his color, could not enter as a student, so he agreed to do chores about the college for fifteen dollars per month and receive private instructions. He remained at the college for three years and became quite proficient. In 1885 he signed a contract with J. C. Groene & Co., of Cincinnati, to write twelve songs for them, and in this number that beautiful and popular song "Light House By The Sea" was given to the world. Credit is due however, Mrs. Davis for this beautiful production, as she made her husband a Xmas present of a pair of suspenders on the buckle of which was engraved a light house and a ship which inspired the title, of the song.

George Propheter, Esq., of Cincinnati, having taken a fancy to Mr. Davis' songs and desiring to open a publishing house in New York City, tendered him a flattering offer to accompany him to that city, and write for his house, which was accepted and Mr. Davis and wife left for New York City. While in the employ of this firm he wrote many songs several of which were great hits. Among the number may be mentioned "Irene—Goadnight," "Wait Till the Tide Comes In," "Baby's Laughing in Her Sleep," "Father of a Little Black Coon," "Court House in the Sky," "The Hermit," and others. By this time he had become so popular as a song writer that he easily found employment writing for the most popular publishers in New York City. He has written in all nearly six hundred songs. Among his latest hits may be mentioned, "Fatal Wedding," "Baggage Coach Ahead," "Down in Poverty Row" "Just Set a Light," "My Wife," "My Baby is a Bon Ton Belle," "Send Back the Picture and the Ring."

In 1895 the New York World selected the ten most popular song writers of the country to compete for prizes, the first being a five hundred dollar medal and the second five hundred dollars in gold. Gussie L. Davis was selected together with James Thornton, Chas. Graham, Felix McGlennon, Chas. K. Harris, Harry Daun, Percy Gaunt, Raymond Moore, Joe Flynn and Chas. B. Ward. Mr. Davis won the second prize with that popular production "Send Back the Picture and the Ring." Mr. Davis, different from most song writers has not confined himself to any particular style of writing. He has written descriptive, and sentimental songs, sacred music and Irish and Negro melodies.

If you have father, mother, brother, sister, cousin or sweetheart—brighten their lives by sending them The Freeman for a Xmas present—only $1.

EXCURSION RATES.

Via Pennsylvania Lines for Christmas and New Year.

Following the annual custom, Ticket Agents of the Pennsylvania Lines will sell excursion tickets Dec. 24th, 25th and 31st, 1897, and Jan. 1st, 1898, for the Christmas and New Year Holidays. Ticket will not be sold to adults for less than 25 cents, nor to children for less than 15 cents. Return limit of excursion tickets will include Jan. 4th, 1898. For rates, time of trains and further information please apply to nearest Ticket Agent of the Pennsylvania Lines.

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER
Cleanses the scalp and puts new life into the hair. It restores the lost color to gray hair. It means youth and beauty.

[We desire weekly information as to dates, etc., of Afro American professionals which will be published gratis, address JAY H. JAX, care The Freeman.]

The "Black Patti Troubadours" are playing to fine business in St. Paul, this week.

‡ ‡ ‡

"Darkest America" are playing to excellent business at Hoboken, N. J., this week.

‡ ‡ ‡

Isham's "Octoroons" are now on their second week in Chicago, playing to fine houses.

‡ ‡ ‡

Birdie Smith's North Carolina Minstrel and Creole show is composed of sixteen members.

‡ ‡ ‡

Oscar Paul, basso, with Washburn's Double Minstrels, is scoring a big hit with his rendition of the "Armorer" song from "Robin Hood."

‡ ‡ ‡

The Canadian Jubilee Singers and Imperial Orchestra are appearing before large and appreciative audiences through Massachusetts.

‡ ‡ ‡

Walter Smart, of Smart and Williams, comedians, with Isham's "Octoroons and Miss Marion Henry, of the same organization, were married last Monday evening, in Chicago.

‡ ‡ ‡

P. G. Lowery's Concert Band is pronounced by the leading bandmasters to be the best drilled band on the road, as for balance and purity of tone they surpass all colored professional bands. So says the Kansas City Star, recently.

‡ ‡ ‡

The McCarver Bros, the "Georgia Cracker Jacks" are scoring big hits with the Al. G Field Negro Minstrels, by their clever singing and dancing. They send regards to all friends.

‡ ‡ ‡

Gus Hall, of the "Black Patti Troubadours" sends regards to Paul C. Floyd and Geo. A. Hillman, of Washburn's Double Minstrels; also to R. Byron Shelton and "Jake" Fidler, of Al. G. Fields' Negro Minstrels.

‡ ‡ ‡

The Stewarts—John and Annie, now with the Nashville Students are sure two busy bees. They can fill most any place in the profession, and have some swell "turns" to face the public with as a team. As a soprano soloist, Mrs. Stewart has but few equals.

‡ ‡ ‡

During the engagement in Syracuse, N Y, with Kelly & Mason's "Who is Who" company, on the 18th, Goggin & Davis, acrobats, were the guest of Mr Eddie Wundus, who tendered them a banquet, which was certainly a grand affair.

‡ ‡ ‡

John W. Vogel's "Darkest America" were at the Third Avenue Theatre, New York City, last week, playing to an unusually large business. "Darkest America" depicts the change of the Negro's condition in this country, from slavery to their freedom and subsequent advancement. Specialties are contributed by Hampton and Johnson, musical performers; Billy and Cordelia McClain, in their comedy sketch; Edward Winn, descriptive singer, in "Policeman 42." "The Operatic Ball" closes the show, with Mme Cordelia as prima donna, Lawrence E. Chenault, tenor; Edward Winn, baritone, and Billy McClain. The chorus is well drilled and the selections were well rendered. The entire performance is well staged and gave entire satisfaction. Edwin DeCoursey is business manager for Mr. Vogel; I. S. Potts, agent; Chas. Grimesly, treasurer, Robert Irving, stage manager; Billy McClain, amusement director; Henderson Smith band leader; Oscar Lindsay, musical director. John Rucker, Gil Garay, Geo. Bailey, Walter Jackson, Pete Hampton, Chas. Johnson, G B. Brown, Frank Kirk, Ernest Wagner, Wm. Porter, Ella Dawson, Helen Scott, Sallie Lee and Robt Irving were seen to advantage.

‡ † ‡

Gus Hall writes the following from the "Black Patti Troubadours:—The citizens of Grand Rapids assembled in a grand body, recently, and entertained the members of our company in grand style in the rooms of the Mason's, during which several remarks and toasts were delivered by officers and members of the company. When the hour came for the departing of the visitors Chas. Moore and Anthony Byrd were initiated into society, assisted by Messrs. Thos. Logan, 33d; Ernest Hogan 32d; Pierce and Wooten, his co workers. Major Thos. Logan enjoys the distinction of being the only 33d Mason in the profession. The grandest ovation ever tendered a company on the road this season, was given us in Chicago. Numerous bouquets were passed over the foot-lights, Madam Jones being the recipient of a mammoth bouquet of beautiful flowers, also Ernest Hogan was presented with a large basket of fresh cut-flowers. Miss Alice Mackey, contralto, is making quite an enviable reputation as a reporter in the first part, and renders in grand style the beautiful pathetic ballad: "I Love Her in the Same Old Way." Miss Mattie Phillips, the latest acquisition to the company is proving quite an attractive card, and she sings her "coon" melodies in such a painstaking manner that she never fails to bring forth a hearty recall. Furber and Davis are meeting with great success. William Crowdus, a brother of Ernest Hogan, paid him a brief visit during our weeks stay in Milwaukee. "Son" the thoroughbred bull-terrier, property of Chas. Moore, leading baritone, has fine lines in the first-part, and in the climax makes a howling success. Pet dogs are becoming a fad with all the members rapidly. Miss Lottie Merideth

EDW. ROGERS,

Author "The Black Sheep."

visited her mother and sisters during our engagement at Milwaukee. Thos. Logan, chinese impersonator, is gradually making his lines heavier and as guard in the rendition of national airs from the opera of "Tar and Tartar," he, with his brother guards, adds unlimited granduer to the same by their agile and clock-work military movements and tableax. Samuel Davis, Eddie Furber and Kid Frazier, (known as the Brownies), are the most athletic members of the company. Miss Carrie Merideth, youngest daughter of Mrs Laura Merideth, has a sweet soprano voice, and such lovely ways that readily endears her into the hearts of all her acquantances and audiences as well. Success to her is certain.

You should not loose sight of the fact that the little ones love to read The Freeman. Subscribe at once.

MARSH CRAIG,

Hand Balancer and Teeth Equilibrist, With Al. G. Field's Negro Minstrels.

Marsh Craig was born about twenty-one years ago in New Orleans, La., and about the age of eight years he became infatuated with circus life and like most boys at his age, whenever he saw bills advertising a circus

coming to town, he was restless until that day arrived. He tells many funny stories about how he use to slip out of his bedroom window in the wee small hours of the morning to see the circus come to town, and how he used carry water all day for the elephants just to see the "limber" man act, and how he would be afraid to go home when the circus left town. It was his belief then that all limber men used snake oil, but he has found out different since then, for the above trick required one year and a half of two or three hours daily practice. He at last succeeded in joining a circus as a contortionist, when he made quite a reputation. After leaving the circus he joined the Richard and Pringle Georgia Minstrels, being the leading feature of that organization, remaining with them two seasons with great success. Since then he has produced this act in all the leading theatres in the country, the most prominent being Proctor's Pleasure Palace of New York City for two weeks and Koster and Bail of the same city for one month. He is now featured with Al. G. Field's Minstrels, and stands to-day the world's greatest hand balancer and teeth equilibrist.

SHEPARD N. EDMONDS,

Popular Song-Writer and Composer with Jno. W. Vogel's Darkest America.

The above cut is an exact likeness of Mr. Shepard N. Edmonds of Columbus, O. The now very popular song-writer and composer is this season with John W. Vogel's "Darkest America Co." Mr. Edmonds comes from a very fine family and is a decided favorite in social circles throughout his state. After a course of two year's study in medicine under Dr. F. Gunsaulus, he took up the study of law under Bargar and Bargar, one of the largest law firms in that city, making his debut in the theatrical profession in 1895, when he joined Al. G. Field's Company as trap-drummer, where he has proven himself the peer to any colored trap drummer yet seen in the business. Mr. Edmonds has a wonderful baritone voice, and can do himself proud anywhere as an elocutionist. Reciting such matter as "The Ravings of McCullough," "Mark Antony Over the Dead Body of Julius Cæsar," "The Negro Before the Bar of Justice," (his own composition) etc., clearly demonstrates his abilities in the manipulation of leads and heavies and shows plainly why he should be a most potent factor in the theatrical world. He is undoubtedly one of the best read young men in the country and receives royalties as a writer from some of our very best magazines and newspapers. Unlike the majority of our young men who go out into the world in a haphazard manner, Mr. Edmonds brings with him recommendations from the governor of his state down to the municipal authorities which alone means much for a young man of his age. Mr. Edmonds is the author of the following very popular songs which are daily gaining him an enormous reputation as a song-writer, and are in no wise causing him any financial uneasiness: "Give Me Your Eye," "Desdemona," "Sweet Dreams of Love," "In Eighteen Ninety-Four," "Chawley Moore," "Imperial Region," etc., etc. He is the junior member of the famous team of Winn and Edmonds, the refined entertainers, character and descriptive vocalists, and we are glad to say that they are never out of place, no matter how fast the company may be. As an eccentric commedian, Mr. Edmonds is all that the word implies.

R. BYRON SHELTON,

Vocalist and Instrumentalist with Al. G Fields' Negro Minstrels.

Prof. R Byron Shelton is a Hoosier product, being a resident of Indianapolis. While for a long time he had a warm feeling for the stage, it was not until 1894 that he made his professional debut, and since that time he has been very successful, receiving flattering encomiums of praise from his audiences and a renewal of contracts from his managers. During the season of '94-'95 he was with George Omstead's Specialty Company; season of '95-'96 with "Old Tennessee" company; season '96 '97 with John W. Isham's "Oriental America" During the summer of '96 Mr. Shelton organized "Shelton's Oriental Troubadours," which met with great success. At present he is a most valuable member of Al G Fields' Negro Minstrels. As a vocalist Mr Shelton possesses a rich baritone voice. As a pianist Mr. Shelton ranks second to none among the professionals of to-day.

MME. SISSIERETTA JONES,

Prima Dona with Black Patti Troubadouas.

JAMES CROSBY,

Principal Comedian with Al. G. Field Negro Minstrels.

JAMES CROSBY,

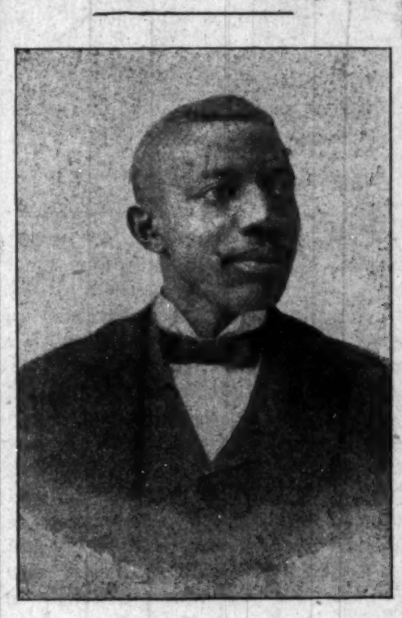
Principal Comedian with Al. G. Fields' Negro Minstrels.

James Crosby has justly been styled the "Napoleon of Comedians." Mr. Crosby has been before the footlights of the American stage for many years, and never fails to keep the audience in a continuous uproar in his melange of bon mots of the vintage of '97. Mr. Crosby is at present principal comedian with Al. G. Fields' Negro Minstrels.

THINGS THEATRICAL FROM NORTH DAKOTA.

Notes from George's Operatic Colored Minstrels combined with the Georgia Graduates:—"We have enjoyed eighteen weeks of prosperous business. The show runs like clock work, from the 11:30 parade, under the direction of C. F. Alexander, band and orchestra leader, to the final drop of last act. James White has proven himself to be a first class stage manager. George Davis, our slide trombone soloist, is making quite a reputation for himself, in his solos nightly. James White and Miss Irene Strauder are making a big hit with their funny sketch. Al. F. Watts, Jack Oliver and Master Frank Cooper are also doing great work with the company. Major Pamplin is the hit of the show in his lightning gun drill and juggling act. The company now numbers twenty-eight people. We haven't missed a stand this season, and are booked solid to June 20. Manager George has just purchased new first-part suiting in green, red and, blue, and we do catch the people.

The Freeman is making history. It will be a comfort to you in future years to refer to its classic pages, neatly bound. Write us at once—one year $1.



P. G. LOWERY.

Band Leader, Wright's Nashville Students.

We take great pleasure this week in introducing to our readers the Creme de La Creme of the colored profession, in the person of Mr. P. G Lowery, he is a native of Topeka, Kan. At an early age his parents moved to Eureka, Kan., where his father embarked in the honorable occupation of farming, young P. G. being a bright young man showing inclinations towards music was at once noticed by his elder brothers, and they being of a musical disposition advised him to learn music, in consequence of that he was provided with a small drum and soon became a member of (what he termed) his family band, being very successful with the drum he became more ambitious, he at once bought a cornet that one step, is what he considered the corner stone of the beautiful edifice of fame and success that he a proud owner of today.

After picking the cornet, he appreciated that he had a long road to travel, and with courage and confidence he started out to climb the ladder of fame. He struggled along for five years unnoticed with different minor bands, but at last the day came, and the tie was broken, and he found himself breathing a new atmosphere surrounded by a similar class of aspirants. This change of air was due to the untiring efforts of his talented friend and admirer Mr. Geo. Baily, the great trombone soloist, with Darkest America band. Mr. Bailey secured a position for him with the famous Mallory Bros. Minstrels, he remained with that company one season. he then joined the Wallace Circus and remained there one season, he then became a member of the Nashville Students and P. T. Wrights Colored Comedy Co., during this time he entered as a cornet competitor in the Hutchinson (Kan.) Musical contest and was successful in carrying off the honors. All the while he remained with the students and on last summer he went to Boston and placed himself under the instruction of Mr. H. C. Brown, (the best cornet teacher in the United States,) and to-day he stands recommended by Mr. Brown, the leading colored cornet soloist of this country, being a young man of moral habits and only 27 years of age, he has a chance to make a mark in life that will live within the hearts of all music loving (colored people) of this country. He has our best wishes for health and success.

Do not let this grand chance escape you to get the great Negro Educator—The Freeman in your home. Send in your address at once—one year $1.

GEORGE A. HILLMAN,

Of Hillman and Floyd, with Washburn's Double Minstrels.

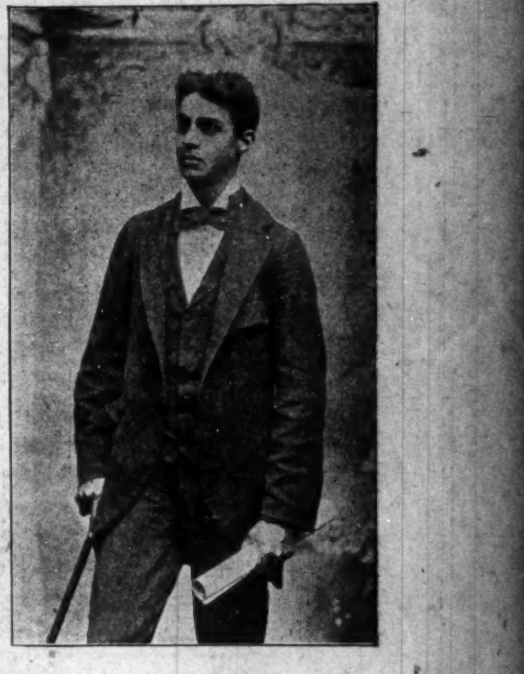
The portrait above is of the senior member of the singing and dancing team of Hillman and Floyd who are making a big hit with Washburn's Double Minstrel organization.

Everybody appreciates a good thing, and everybody will send in their order for our Christmas Number. It is unprecedented in the history of Negro journalism. One year $1.

J. E. LIGHTFOOT,

Leader Imperial Orchestra with Canadian Jubilee Singers.

Mr. J. E. Lightfoot, whose cut appears above, was born in 1871 in Hamilton, Ont., Can., and graduated from the public and High schools of that city, receiving a diploma from the latter institution. In 1891 he made his first appearance as the "boy basso" with the Canadian Jubilee Singers under the management of Mr. Wm. Carter. He has been with that company ever since, and is at present delighting audiences in the New England States. His voice is rich and mellow in quality and of wonderful range. In addition to being a fine bass singer, Mr Lightfoot is the leader of the Imperial Orchestra and is a clever performer on the mandolin. His friends predict for him a brilliant future.



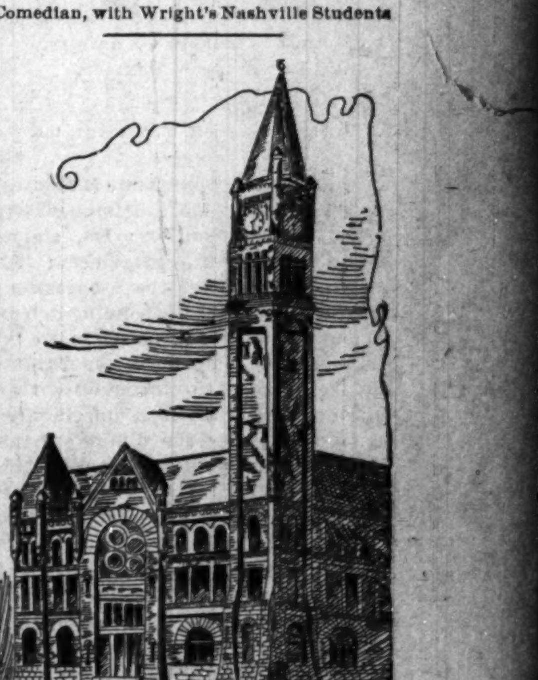
PAUL C. FLOYD

(Of Hillman and Floyd), with Washburn's Double Minstrels.

The above is an excellent likeness of Mr. Paul C Floyd, a product of the Hoosier State. Mr. Floyd is making rapid strides in the Thespian world as a vocalist. He first appeared professionally as a member of the original Plunger Quartette, of Indianapolis, with the American Entertainers, season of 1894. Since that time he has been with "South Before the War.", Davis' Operatic Minstrels, and this season has joined hands with Geo. A. Hillman, presenting their original act with Washburn's Double Minstrels.

GORDEN C. COLLINS,

Comedian, with Wright's Nashville Students



UNION STATION—Indianapelis.

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Dye Works.
27 West Ohio Street.
Ladies' and Gents' Garments cleaned, dyed and repaired.
Fashionable Tailoring at moderate prices.
JOHN ROCHE, Prop.

THE FREEMAN.

A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED COLORED NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, DEC. 25, 1897.

A MERRY Christmas and a happy New Year to our thousands of readers throughout the land.

CUBA is endowed with bull dog tenacity at any rate. Her courage is sublime, although it be not sung in runic rhyme, or any other for that matter. If heroism and sacrifice are some of the attributes of greatness, then Cuba is as great as countries get to be. Resisting disposition is mo e to be considered than the ability to resist. Cuba stands a splendid example of suffering and continuing strong.

THE Hawaiian question is dragging along. It is evident that the island would have to be annexed in order to determine many of the questions that have arisen. The poly got citizenship may not after all be such a formidable barrier. Some of our news purveyors have gone so far as to speak of Hawaii's objectionable citizens. In the language of Sir Roger De Coverly, "there is much to be said on both sides of the question."

KING WILLIAM, of Germany, has been schooled in a very queer school, the tenets of which insists on immediate action with inferiors; but when it comes to peers and superiors, deference and diplomacy are the faith This proves conclusively that the ancient desire of land grabbing is instilled into the bones of those who rule by "divine right." The savage disposition is smothered and glossed down by the "watch dogs" set up by the jealous nations commonly known as "diplomacy." The unprotected spots of the earth are marked and noted and at the slightest provocation they are swooped down upon as a hawk descends upon a chicken—and they are not.

A HOPEFUL SIGN.

Word comes from Nashville, Tenn., that Negroes will hereafter be admitted as members of trades unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. After an exceedingly warm debate upon this question the Federation reaffirmed its former declarations giving equal recognition to the black brother. There is more satisfaction gained from the foregoing intelligence than from all other crusades on behalf of the Negroes combined. What is wanted is a chance to earn a living on the same terms as other men, and not by adventitious methods. Methods for raising the race standard not based on those broad principles are subversive. The contention for manhood is not along political lines, but along industrial lines. The citadel at last is beginning to show signs of weakening under continued employment of the battering-ram of justice and right. The Negro laborer must find a common market for his muscle—that only will be the panacea.

THE BEAUTY OF THOUGHT.

Its Power and Place—The Race Must Become Thinkers—Annihilate Uncle Noah Baxters.

BY M. A. MAJORS, M. D., DECATUR, ILL.

There are three operation (or states) of the mind which are immediately concerned in argument: 1st, simple apprehension; 2d, judgement; 3d, reasoning. Each of these operations are liable to a corresponding defect, namely: Simple apprehension to indistinctness; judgement to falsity, and reasoning to inconclusiveness. Often the entire whole is superinduced by inspiration or the divine afflatus. Now when the writer is struct by this psychological blizzard, he takes a leaf of his blank book upon which a life-saving prescription, perhaps (?) might have been written, and covers it wi h his contemplative thoughts. Many people think they write—think and talk—they do of a kind. If one's articles are always received and are never consigned to the waste basket, can he or she determine that something has been said worthy the attention of the editor, and the reputation of the journal? Just as one talks or writes and says nothing or writes nothing, so can one think and think nothing. Some one has said, "our thoughts are heard in heaven." If, as some people think, heaven can not be very far off. Now, I am positive my heaven is near. Cowper says:

"Thought, to the man that never thinks, may seem
As natural as when asleep to dream;
But reveries (for human mind will act)
Specious in show—impossible in fact,
Those flimsy webs that break as soon as wrought,
Attain not to the dignity of thought."

Now with this broad hint we shall strive to be good, and anticipate the crop of pseudo-literati's to alarmingly diminish ere the roses come again. Our erstwhile epigramatic colleague who has been "down the pike" of journalistic sorrow and remorse, ye good distressed, ye noble few, whose

M. A. MAJORS, M. D.

joys are sometimes keen, we except notably. The Negro reading world could not dispense with them. I say to you, beneath life's pressure bear up a while, for after all what are all life's boasted treasures, tender sorrows, transient pleasures, anxious hopes and jealous fears, laughing hours and mourning years, decked with brightest tints at morn without your collossal intellects? You, who like David who killed Goliah, have turned up the green sod of up-to-date th ught, and annihilated Uncle Noah Baxter with one stroke of your immortal pens In my reveries I consider that you have emancipated the race from arrogant ignorance, and such a sacred act would, as it appears, be wrought in song by the poet and set to music, but alas! the poets are too busy in self preservation to crucify your thoughts on their "cross of gold." "Our progress as a race," and "'Twas not to be," have held the boards for some weeks, and to all appearances the race thinkers demonstrate tenacity and pertinacity, backed by staying qualities, that prove that they have reached Parnassus' lofty crown.

The world needs people who think. Goldsmith is more beloved because he said:

"For just experience tells in every soil,
That those who think must govern those who toil."

People who think, not those who think they think, but those who do not think they think, but know they think. Think seriously, sensibly and considerately, timely and for the benefit of mankind. For the good of all and without the fear of thinking differently to others who think also.

"To him, who in love of nature,
Holds communion with her visible forms,
She speaks a various language."

And Mr. Bryant beautifully adds:

"For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness,
And eloquence of beauty and a smile."

Why shouldn't my friend, Augustus M. Hodges, Dr. J. M. Henderson, R. W. Thompson, Edward Elmore Brock, content themselves in their splendid occupation of making the world better? Instructing how to live happiest, how avoid pains, disappointments and vanities of life, and disgust of those who would in pleasure all their hours employ. Who, too, with their pens, and we trust by their lives teach of virtue, "the beauty of the soul, the best gift of heaven, the praise that's worth ambition, a happiness that even above the smiles and frowns of fate exalts great nature's favorites; a wealth that ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands can be transferred. It is the only good man justly boasts of or can call his own."

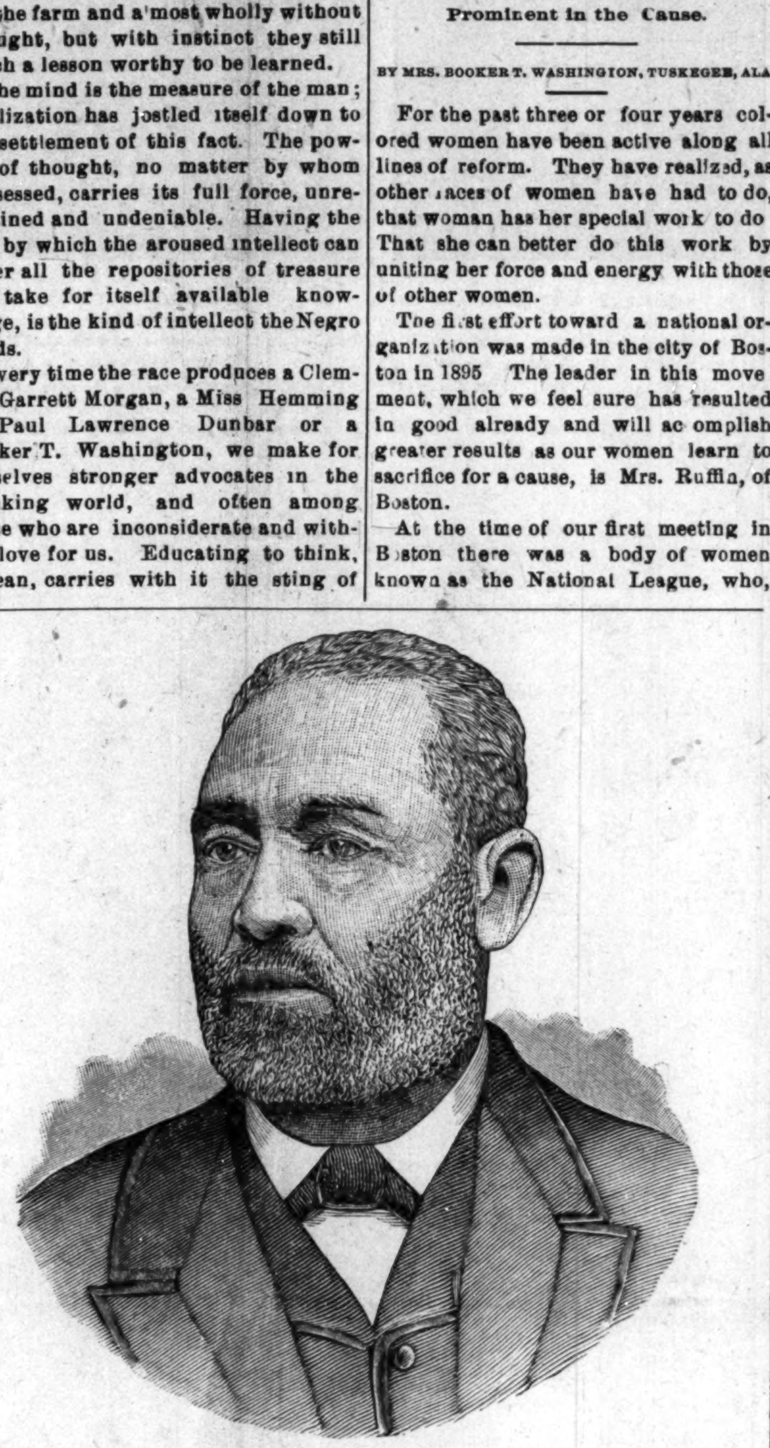
People who talk, write and think doubtless are doing more for the world than any other class; this is their active mood and it is the world's lever and power wheel. The Negro must talk, think and write; he must do the right kind of each. Forever preaching to a progressive race like ours from the book of Job, about his long suffering, and from Revelations about the beast that had ten horns, don't give our boys and girls any information on the subject of agriculture, or where to place the carving knife and fork, as our much talked of Mr. Booker T. Washington would say. Forever writing the prettiest things a fellow can think of don't make our men more respectful to our women, nor our sporting preachers (I don't mean the nice ones now) any more careful as to the kind of scandal Mme. Grundy peddles to their discredit.

People who can sell their thoughts either in speech, in story, poetry, preaching, writing, lecturing or in book making, are a few of a kind who think. A great many have imbibed the useful art of being dumb and express how well they think by the lofty way they act. Many people's motives are good who would act if they could think. The Negro needs to learn how to think. The cultivation of the intellect is quite as important as anything else, and I believe I could prove the assertion had I the space.

Many have discovered a route by which they can make him a philosopher, a brick maker and a farmer all under the same roof and at the same time. But why this three pronged affair? Ill taught in each never avails and the pseudo-jack of all trades and good at none, soon gives up in despair, undecided and unfit to choose between which of the tripplets to follow in strained efforts to get food. Thought is what is wanted. Educate the head and the head will govern the heart and the hands. The Caucasian is an intellectual lesson, is an intellectual success, and here let us add, the most ignorant of his tribe are usually found on the farm and almost wholly without thought, but with instinct they still teach a lesson worthy to be learned.

The mind is the measure of the man; civilization has jostled itself down to the settlement of this fact. The power of thought, no matter by whom possessed, carries its full force, unrestrained and undeniable. Having the key by which the aroused intellect can enter all the repositories of treasure and take for itself available knowledge, is the kind of intellect the Negro needs.

Every time the race produces a Clement Garrett Morgan, a Miss Hemming a Paul Lawrence Dunbar or a Booker T. Washington, we make for ourselves stronger advocates in the thinking world, and often among those who are inconsiderate and without love for us. Educating to think, I mean, carries with it the sting of death to the inconsiderate unbeliever of Negro intellectual capacity.



REV. MOSES DICKSON.

See Article, "Emancipation Day," on Fifth Page.

The race thinkers are legion; the list would be too long to give at this time. They are in all shades and types, some having just the favored scintilla, but we accept them when they lean to virtue's side.

"Virtue and sense I mean not to disjoin, virtue and sense are one," as Armstrong would say, "and believe me, he who hath not virtue is not truly wise."

That the Negro is adding his quota of sober, sensible thought, is evinced by the advanced position our leading writers and teachers have taken in the last twenty-five years. It would appear that they had heeded "the old man's counsel," that Mr. Bryant has beautifully given when he says:

"Wisely, my son, while yet thy days are long,
And this fair change of seasons passes slow,
Gather and treasure up the good they yield;
All that they teach of virtue, of pure th ughts
And kind affections, reverence for thy God
And for thy brethren, so when thou shalt come
Into these barren years, thou may'st not bring
A mind unfurnished and a withered heart."

If, miraculous as has been our progress intellectually, in a few short years, with scarcely the hope of a recompense, considering the hardships and bitter disappointments, we have reached so far up toward wisdom's heights, can we not climb the steps and rugged hill of science and letters, and there leave the impress o Negro genius upon their lofty summits? We are living in a great and awful time; no more shall man be judged by the number of pounds he can raise, nor by his giraffian height, nor by the Fitzsimmons right hand swing and upper-cut, the slug ball rush nor the back stop, nor the home run strike, but by the power of perception, apprehension, judgement, reason, knowledge, the great derricks of thought. We are living in such a time when emotion must string man's nerves, and "imp his eagle wings," but judgement must direct his flight. The age of reason and the dawn of thought had not reached high noon ere the Negro could boast of its Dubois, Bowen, Fortune, Lewis, Dunbar, Morris, Cook, Washington, Kealing, Benjamin, Williams, Whitman and a host of intellectual giants from whose heights to look down indeed is to see the skies. The unparalle'ed progress of the Negro has won its place in the archives of fact, and proves conclusively that we can penetrate with scrutiny all thought and all human wisdom.

APOLOGY.

The writer has attempted to set forth no new fledged opinions, no caged and pet theory, nor to win applause or praise, for after all as Cowper says:

"The shelves are full, all other themes are sped;
Hackneyed and worn to the last flimsy thread;
Satire has long since done his best, and curst
And loathsome ribaldry has done his worst;
Fancy has sported all her powers away,
In tales, in trifles, and in children's play
And 'tis the sad complaint, and almost true
Whate'r we write we bring forth nothing new."

THE WORK THAT WOMEN DO

To Ameliorate the Condition of Humanity is Much—Those who are Prominent in the Cause.

BY MRS. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, TUSKEGEE, ALA.

For the past three or four years colored women have been active along all lines of reform. They have realized, as other races of women have had to do, that woman has her special work to do That she can better do this work by uniting her force and energy with those of other women.

The first effort toward a national organization was made in the city of Boston in 1895 The leader in this movement, which we feel sure has resulted in good already and will accomplish greater results as our women learn to sacrifice for a cause, is Mrs. Ruffin, of Boston.

At the time of our first meeting in Boston there was a body of women known as the National League, who, after a year's time, came into the body formed in Boston. These two organizations are now one, and are known as the National Association of Colored Women. The object of this body of women is the elevation of home and the purity of women. With many hundreds of women banded together, each determined to lift the standard of woman and home, we surely shall have in the years which are to come a truer and purer womanhood, which means better homes, a better ministry and a better country.

All reform is slow; still a great deal has been done by the women who are devoting time to this cause of organization, and perhaps nothing will prove this better than to call attention to the work of some of our women.

Mrs. Selena Butler, of Atlanta, Ga., is now conducting a kindergarten in her city. The little ones are taught not only the regular lessons, but are given simple home lessons. They have their dinner served, thus receiving lessons of polite table manners; how to wash the dishes, set the table and put a room in order. Nothing is so much needed to-day among our children as the kindergarten. The mothers are the bread-winners, and are thus obliged to be away from home during the day and often until 8 o'clock at night. This accounts for much of the lack of domestic knowledge on the part o our girls.

Mrs. Butler has also made a study of the condition of the convict system of her state, a copy of which I enclose you.

Last winter Mrs. Sylvania Williams, of New Orleans, made it possible for a class of young colored women to enter the University of New Orleans to pursue a course in nursing. With her naturally gentle and affectionate manner, the young colored woman is well adapted to this work. It is a paying profession and its demand is always greater than its supply. Mrs. Williams has made a study of the conditions of railway traveling for colored people, and has prepared a paper which she hopes to get before the legislature this session.

Mrs. Victoria Matthews has been for the past year devoting her time to a mission school in the city of New York. This includes kindergarten work, Mothers' meetings and many other departments of social reform.

Nothing which affects the colored man and woman in Boston escapes Mrs. Ruffin's attention. She bears the burden of all.

In the city of Washington for two or three years Mrs. B. K. Bruce has conducted Mothers' meetings and cooking classes for young women.

Mrs. Lucy Thurman, of Michigan, Miss Mary Lynch, of North Carolina, and Miss Jessie Lawson, of Washington, are our enthusiastic temperance workers. Few of us realize how far in the matter of home-getting, of education, of stronger morals, we should now be if it were not for intemperance.

Mrs. Frances Jackson, of Kansas City, Mo., is now making a study of the condition of our churches. She thinks they are too expensive, too far ahead of the men and women who support them. It is a most painful thing to see the great, elegant churches in many towns and cities of the South, and then go into the homes of the people who support these churches. How much better it is to have a good home for six days in the week than to have a fine one for one day only. Surely our bishops, who are to blame for this state of things, will not longer encourage it.

Miss Cornelia Bowen, of Alabama, has given the past ten years of her life to the women and girls of the plantation. She has managed cooking classes, sewing classes, Mothers' meetings, men's organizations, and, in fact, has left no stone unturned which was for the elevation of the masses.

In Chicago Mrs. L. A. Davis has gone among the fallen and rescued many a girl, giving her something better to do.

All of these women, and many more who are working along the same lines or similar ones, are carrying out the object of the association. They have been inspired by coming together and in a practical sense looking our conditions straight in the face.

Homes for our old and our orphans are also being undertaken. One of the latest developments is the desire for schools of domestic science—in other words, orderly housekeeping. Our girls are surely lacking in this branch of learning, not one in ten having any correct idea as to systematic and well-arranged housekeeping and home making. The home, with its Christian mother who is intelligent and industrious is the rock bed of any race. This is our pressing need to-day,

The women who make up the association are developing themselves also. Especially is this true in a social sense. Character and attainment are the tests for official fitness and dignified activity. We are learning to desire only the best That lofty, unselfish womanhood is what we are coming to—a little slowly, but just as surely. The spirit of our club cannot fail to make itself felt in our social life. "We are living in an age when women in the home, in the church and in society must stand for the grander force of altruism."

We held our last meeting at Nashville, Tenn., Because of the health conditions of the South our attendance was much smaller than it was at the meeting held in Washington the previous year. We have every reason to believe that we accomplished some good Clubs are being organized in every part of the country.

Women are beginning to shoulder greater responsibilities in the uplifting of humanity. We need the support of men, especially our ministers and newspaper men. They reach all classes. We need to be taught to be loyal to each other, to put aside personal aims and petty jealousies. We need to strike a match wherever and whenever we get the opportunity, and thus all work together for a common cause.

MISS LIZZIE C. WILLIAMS.

See Article Elsewhere.

Fifty Years Ago.

Grandfather's hat! And within it you see,
Grandfather's favorite cough remedy.
Whether 'twas Asthma, Bronchitis or Croup,
Or baby at night waked the house with a whoop,
With Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Gran'ther was sure
That no cold or cough would e'er fail of a cure.
In hats the styles change, but the records will show
Coughs are cured as they were 50 years ago.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has no equal as a remedy for coughs, colds, and lung diseases. Where other soothing elixirs palliate, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral heals. It is not a cheap cough syrup, which soothes but does not strengthen; it is a physician's cough remedy, and it cures. It is put up in large bottles, only, for household use. It was awarded the medal at the World's Fair of ninety-three. It has a record of

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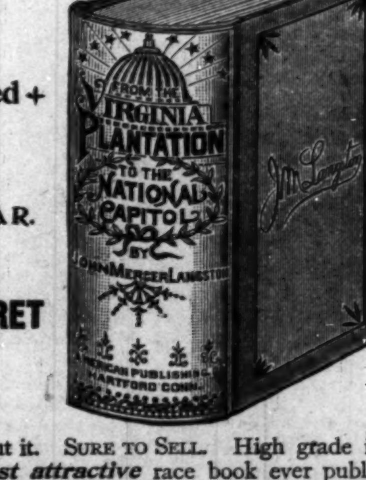

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A DREAM'S FULFILMENT.

BY EDWARD ELMORE BROCK, NEW YORK CITY.

PREFACE.

"Dream's are sometimes felicitous and sometimes terrific. Some foreshadow our earnest wishes, others our direct fears and forebodings. Some are of a textur so delicate and delicious that we fain would surrender ourselves to their seductive illusion. although conscious they are but ideal fancies. That many remarkable and well-affected dreams have been reconcilable to after events, is beyond question—night visions and night promptings, which could not be explained by any theory or connection f idea . or 'imperfect recollections,' or revival of associations, utterly orgotten by the waking senses. On the contrary new images have been evolved in slumber, apparently pointing towards future events, or seeming to convey awful warnings against unsuspecting dangers or suggesting remedies for evils long endured; and numerous are the cases wherein results have been in unison wi h supposed augury. Almost every person has had some such experience. Credulity, therefore is seldom at a loss for food."—Sleep and its Mysteries.

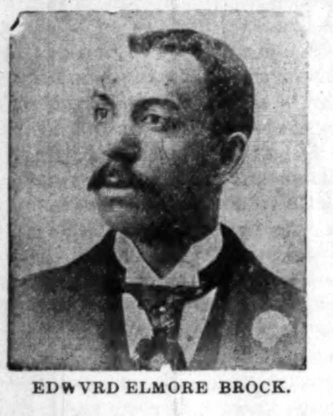
CHAPTER I

"Strange! how aimless looks or words
Sometimes wake forgotten chords
Bidding dreams and memories leap
From a long unbroken sleep."—Lecky.

In the sphere in which he moved there was not considered a more cheery-hearted fellow than Philip Winthrop, big, muscular and brave, and as kind hearted as he was good looking. A man among men—full of life and overflowing vigor, so his friends always spoke of him—but like all lives into which sooner or later there comes a change, so it happened in Philip Winthrop's case, when Elsie Raymond floated like a queen of state into his life. It was at a grand reception in honor of her debut in society and it was a case of love at first sight, but like all love matches, which do not run smoothly or always turn out as they should, Philip Winthrop awoke one day to find that he had been jilted; from that time on, he was a changed man, he grew morose, almost to despondency and later not being longer able to stand the good-natured gibes of his fellow mates, he quietly and mysteriously betook himself out of their atmosphere and had sought rest and peace of a broken heart in the refuge of some—

* * * Calm, sequestered spot.
"The world forgetting, by the world forgot,"

Here he had lived for years the sole occupant, save one servant that acted as housekeeper of the "Hermitage"—a name given his little home by the residents of the quiet little village since his occupancy of it. It was one of the most charming up-to-date Queen Anne villas. The former owner and Englishman, who had been suddenly compelled, owing to ill-health, to return to England, had advertised it for sale at a small figure, thus Philip Winthrop became its purchaser and though the place was perfectly kept and the flower



EDWVRD ELMORE BROCK.

bloomed as beautiful as ever, still a sad gloom hung over the house into which he had come for mental peace, for there ever appeared something lacking; a something that is necessary in the life of every man—to bring a feeling of perfect rest and peace and happy contentment that there was not to be found.

CHAPTER II.

Once more another weary winter had passed and it was nearing the close of the ever fickle month of March, on one of the dark blustering nights for which that month is noted. Over head dense black clouds were being blown across a blacker night. The slamming of window blinds preceeded by the mournful, wailing wind, told of a storm. A few moments later it was coming down in torrents, making it truly a night that one would not care to be abroad in. Philip Winthrop, who had barely escaped its fury, entered his cozy library and flung himself into a large, soft arm-chair, before the blazing hearth, for a few moments he gazed steadfastly into the leaping and dancing flames, after which he took from the table beside him a book that laid there and began to rumage through its leaves. His actions plainly showed that he was in a nervous mood. Suddenly a little withered flower—a for-get-me-not—fell to the floor; he stooped and picked it up: it was the first time he thought of it since that memoriable night when she had pinned it in the button hole of his coat, and on arriving home he had pressed it between the leaves of the little volume to preserve as a hostage of her love.

Now holding its crisp, crumbled little form up before him, should it be wondered at that the memories of the past took full possessions of his mental faculties and that he should drift into the sea of meditation to dream of those days long since passed, and how his life had been filled with the loneliness of waiting and one continued longing for her coming and yet, to-night as he gazed fondly at the little withered flower it seemed as if it were only yesterday that they had sat in the seclusion of the conservatory that led off from the ball-room and under the soothing strains of music from the orchestra that wafted out to them, had pledged their eternal devotion, and then how only a month later, she had sent him a curt little note in which she had accused him of being false to his vows, and had quietly on the very same day that she had mailed it to him, sailed abroad, leaving a gap in his life in which there would never more be any sunshine. She had said that all was over between them: she had not even given him a chance for an explanation. It is true that he had met clandestinely the mysterious being for which she had accused him of being false to his vow, but it was only the old sad story of a wayward sister gone wrong and the sacred duty of a brother's love to endeavor to win her from the glittering follies of sin, back into the haven of righteousness. If he only knew her destination now, he would write to her and explain all, but no, she was now the wife of another, but yet he had faith and waited her return. Waited while the crimson flush of the sun waned in the west—waited as each dying day was followed by another, the weeks had grown into months,—waited as the months gave place to years, and though still she came not, yet did he hope and wait for, had she not once pledged him her undying love and he was sure some day she would return.

So, sitting here in the solitude and loneliness of his home, with the rain beating down in torrents outside, he still went on with his reverie. He thought of what a useless nothing his life had been all these years and he began to yearn —to yearn more than ever for a home filled with the childish prattle of happy children and the devotion of a loving helpmate; and thus as he went on with his dream the fire burned low and the chilliness of the room aroused him from his state of lethargy. He arose and put some pieces of wood on the heaping coals, pushed his chair back a little stretched his feet out over the fender, filled his pipe, put a match to it and then laid back against the soft cushions and stared vacantly at the circle of rings of smoke as they floated ceiling ward A little later the chimes of Old St. Peter's told the hour of midnight—the reverie came to an end—he had passed through the land of nod, thence into the city of slumber.

CHAPTER III.

"A dream that was not all a dream."—Byron.

It was a vastly different night from that other. Twilight's deepening shadows were fast descending over the earth. The funny little old hunchback, whose duty was to light the street lamps had gone his usual rounds, but to-night this would have scarce been necessary for the beams of a full clear moon o'erspread the earth. The first evening star has been followed in quick succession by others until the sky presented a canopy of glittering gems. Certainly a more beautiful night, for the joining together in holy bonds of wedlock two hearts that beat as one, could have been wished. Far down the street the chime in the belfrey of old St Peter's church were playing Mendelsohn's wedding march, while the street itself wore a lively aspect. Crowds were surging into the little edifice, but no one of all the throng was attracted by a motive like unto that of Philip Winthrop's.

Within the church the marvelous display of the floral kingdom breathed out an atmosphere stifling with its fragrance. The music which had been playing for sometime, suddenly ceased and then the massive old organ broke forth with the low sweet notes of Lohengrin's Wedding March; now the eager throng is straining to get a glimpse of the bride as she passes up the aisle. The bridegroom approaches and takes his place by her side at the altar. The clergyman is at his post. All eyes are turned upon them. A breathless silence reigns throughout the edifice, as slowly the rector speaks the words that make Philip Winthrop and Elsie Raymond man and wife, and then all was over save the loud notes of the organ, while the august crowd surged out into the night.

Again the chimes in the belfry of Saint Peter's, rung out the hour—one, two, three—and as the last stroke died away in the distance, the house cat started to his feet, gave a slight meow and curled up again in the corner from which he had arisen. The light which had been sputtering for some time, gave one little gasp like the passing of a departed soul and then went out entirely. The sleeper aroused himself, settled back again in his former position and sank once more into dreamland.

CHAPTER IV.

Upon the banks of the Hudson, not a hundred miles from the beautiful village of Peekskill is a small cottage; it is of the conventional village type—a white painted house with green blinds, over which in the summer time vines of honey suckles and morning glories run wild. The interior of the cottage, though not luxuriously furnished, bore all the evidence of dainty feminine hands All of the windows look out over vast stretches of country landscapes and the beautiful river. In the recesses of one of these, a b y, reclining on a comfortable sofa, lay a young woman, evidently of not more than eight and twenty years, her appearance was that of one worn thin by feverish anxiety. She was stretched out at full length, one hand rested beneath her face; while the other lay in close proximity, giving the appearance of genuine ease. The expression of her countenance showed that she was in deep meditation. At the time she was the sole occupant of the room, but shortly the door opened and an elderly lady in street attire entered and drawing a chair near the couch, sat down, at which incident the younger woman slowly arose to a sitting position and began questioning her. "You bring good news, I hope, Auntie?"

"Yes I have found out enough I think to put us on his tracks. On my arrival in the city and before leaving the station, I sent a note to his former boarding house, but in answer, all the information I could get and the lady could give me, was that he had left there some ten years ago and where he had gone she did not know; thereupon I sent the messenger to the Club, of which I knew he was a member—their answer was that he had severed all connection with that institution, but that they understood he was residing at M——, a town in New Jersey." For awhile the niece sat in deep thought and then looking up into the kindly face of her aunt said in afar-away-like tone, "to morrow I must seek and find him " Throwing her arms around her aunt's neck she continued, "I am so unhappy, because I deserve it all and so I am going to him to tell him how much I love him and how much I have suffered for amends." and "aunty," she eagerly went on, "I am sure he would come if he only knew where to find me."

"Of, course he would dearest, but cheer up now, everything will come about right yet and you will be all the happier for it, so do not exert yourself further and rest all you can, for when the happy hour comes you will need to have strength," and Aunt bent and kissed the sweet face of her lovely niece and smilingly left the room. An hour later she peeped in and found her sleeping very peacefully.

CHAPTER V.

The sun was quietly stealing higher and higher in the eastern sky on its course toward the western horizon, throwing its penetrating beams through the lattice shutters, flooding the room with its golden glint and falling full upon its sole occupant, but still unconscious of its rays, he slept on. The gate swung wide on its hinges, swayed to and fro for a moment, then settled back into its former position with a click. Then the soft tread of some one ascending the stoop; the rustle of skirts in the hall; the portiers are torn aside, and with a startled cry Philip Wintrop awoke from his dream.

"Elsie!"

"Philip!"

"You have come at last, my darling."

"Yes, Philip, I knew all and I have come like a pentitent soul for your forgiveness and love. Can you forget?"

He made no answer, but bending kissed her tenderly.

The clock ticked away on the mantle. The old house cat, which had been asleep before the open fire place,. stretched and strode over to where his master was, rubbed up against him as much as to say: 'In your happiness, do not forget your old friend;" and here my pen falters, for there is nothing more to write, so we leave them in the silence of their joy, believing that—

"Destiny who sees them so divine,
Will weave their future in a silken twine."

FINIS.

AFRO-AMERICAN JOURNALISM

Continued From First Page.

responsibility for this anomalous condition must be shared by both parties to the transaction—the editors and the people. They are divided by seemingly irreconcilable differences. The public, while ready to praise push, pluck, perseverance and worth in the individual, has

A WELL-DEFINED GRIEVANCE

against the Negro journalist as a class; and the newspaper fraternity—unless ready to accord due credit to the big-hearted and cheer inspiring men and women who are ever ready to back the right—also has its grievance against the public as a mass. A perplexing problem here confronts us: How can these very necessary elements to racial prosperity be brought to a common ground where by earnest co-operation they may work effectively for the whole people? Upon the judicious settlement of this problem hangs the perpetuation of the press as a factor in our political and social development.

Let us briefly scan the record. The Afro-American journalist claims that the Negro is not a reading people; that among the masses there is a profound indifference to the welfare of the race paper; that his most pathetic appeals to their race pride, or eloquent pleas for aid to a laudable Negro business institution, fall upon deafened ears While the poorest have dollars to spend upon excursions, balls, watermelon feasts and all forms of frivolity, they cannot or will not pay fifty cents a year for a newspaper. To reach these people through the ablest journal published many editors regard as a hopeless task. Usually these remarks are applied to the illiterate classes or lower orders of society, whose ignorance is a reasonable excuse for their failure to comprehend the value of a vigorous race champion, and it is argued that a liberal diffusion of education will remedy this evil. But the discouraging feature is that the indifference is equally great among those who sit in high places and whose honors are won by the healthful influence of the Negro press. Numbers of well-to-do people—among them doctors, lawyers, preachers and teachers—openly deride the effectiveness of Negro journalism, and many of those who do condescend to have their names enrolled on the subscription lists refuse to pay the small price demanded, or wait to be dunned until the profit is all consumed in the repeated efforts to make the collection. It is said, further, that these same people will take a white daily unsolicited, pay for it promptly and "stand off" the Negro agent with the excuse that they had just paid their last cent to the Post, Star or Times. This is especially exasperating and unjust in view of the fact that these white enterprises have thousands, perhaps millions, of dollars of capital behind them, while the Negro journal's chance to get out of the printing office may depend upon the

DOLLAR OWED BY A SINGLE SUBSCRIBER.

This is an outline of the Negro publisher's indictment against the populace.

The bill of exceptions offered by the public is equally severe and sweeping. The people contend that in too many instances unworthy men with individual ends to subserve, or private grievances to air, force themselves into the high office of editorial spokesman and persistently misrepresent the sentiment of those with whom they have to deal. When characterless adventurers, journalistic mountebanks and political highwaymen rise up unasked and insist upon grasping the reins of leadership, the self respecting masses properly feel that they have no recourse save in repudiation and revolt As these newspaper sharks are more difficult to exterminate than the Russian thistle and hang on perennially through methods that will not bear inspection, the popular mode of resistance has crystallized into a policy of dignified contempt. Negro journalism has certainly been degraded in the popular esteem by charlatans and confidence men, whose only ambition has been to make capital for themselves out of the woes of the race. They squeeze the lemon until it is dry and care not what becomes of the rind. They are "out for the stuff," and will advocate any thing that brings the dollar into their coffers, regardless of consequences No man whose ignoble spirit fails to grasp the sacredness of his trust should be tolerated for a moment as the mouthpiece of a community. The reputation and well-being of neither priest nor layman is safe from the

VANDALISM OF A SCOUNDREL.

Self seeking, when plainly evident, does not inspire co-operation, and established distrust cannot in the nature of things yield more than temporary support. This feeling, aggravated by repeated deception, has caused the Afro-American press and its rightful constituency to drift further and further apart, until to-day the best journals in the land are on the defensive. They are frequently called into court by the most irresponsible mendicant and compelled to show cause why they should not be treated with contempt.

Despite the malevolent record established by the pirates and freebooters of journalism, the grand old craft goes sailing on, weathering skillfully the "choppiest" of seas. With such experienced pilots as Fortune, Knox, Cooper, Mitchell, Pledger, King, Manning, Hackley, Smith, Adams, Perry and a host of others, the ship will come into harbor with colors flying. The men of character will fix the profession's status upon the pages of history.

THE IDEAL JOURNAL.

What is the ideal journal? Is it attainable? I can only reply: Is it possible to be honest, manly, just and capable? A saying old enough to take its place as a classic, and true enough to be incorporated with the Proverbs is that it is much easier to criticise than to create. Another of the same kind is that advice is more freely given than taken. The newspaper man is forcibly reminded daily of these aphorisms. He receives more criticism than cash, and more admonitions than advertisements. It is also worthy of note that every person, whether his calling or degree of intelligence knows far better how newspapers should be conducted—to let them tell it—than do those who happen to control them. It seems, unfortunately, that the wise-acres and journalistic sages never got into the business.

As to the makeup of ideal journals, it is seldom that two opinions wholly agreed. A happy solution can only be attained by shrewdly unssaring the difficulties, averaging widely varying standards of taste, and affecting a combination that will bring the greatest benefits to the largest number. Standards differ with individuals, classes, and environment. The reading clientage admires according to the prominence given to its particular "hobby," be it politics, religion, society, sports or sensationalism. There are those who argue that a race journal should be simply an advocate—not essentially a general newspaper. Whether the ideal journal has yet seen the light of day is a question not to be decided without deliberation. Several have taken steps out of the beaten path of mediocrity. They have caught the spirit of this modern age, and are nobly responding to the larger demands of newer times. They are giving striking evidences of what the enterprising and energetic Negro journalist, could do under circumstances more encouraging. Our editors are, for the most part mad of strong personality, with standing and influence in this respective communities. Without notable exception, they speak for manhood, for race elevation and material progress in every avenue of industry. If the ideal in journalism has not yet been reached, These are the men who are climbing round by round to the top and will yet save the indifferent from themselves by commanding their plaudits.

The ideal journal, to my notion, is that one which places public weal above private gain; which exalts patriotism above self. It is controlled by men big enough and brave enough to refrain from petty personalities and to avoid cheap sensationalism. It is piloted by men who represent the intelligence, morality and progressive spirit of the times and not the contracted whims and foibles of a party, clique or faction. It bears the stamp of freedom and true independence, and its inspiration is not drawn from committee rooms or star chamber caucusses. Its course is not dictated by "peanut politicians," and its utterances are the antithesis of sycophancy. Its position on great questions can not be taken for granted in advance, and it is never an apologist for the wrong-doings of partisan associates. It "renders unto Caesar that which is Caesar's," without regard to party, denomination, or society connections.

The ideal journal is conducted by men too manly to prostitute their high trust to veneer the vice of friends or to vent spleen and malice upon personal enemies. It is designed by men whose taste and judgment impel them to seek their models in the highest and best journalistic productions of our advanced civilization. It is backed up by Christians who believe in the people, and are far-sighted enough to perceive that in proportion to their worth they will ultimately win appreciation. It is in the custody of men sufficiently strong in morals to withstand the blandishments of temporary and evanescent profit and work loyally for the race's permanent grandeur. In a word, our ideal journal, our accredited adviser and sentiment moulder, is in all things and at all times sincere, earnest, public-spirited and consistent. Survey the record and locate those who labor most diligently to live up to this standard.

It is a fact beyond dispute that the papers which have won the greatest luster, and which really pay the best in the long run, are those which cling closer to the people's heart, pointing the Negro upward as steadfastly as the needle points to the pole. I believe in the integrity of the representative Negro journalist, and I have unutterable faith in the wisdom of the masses. I believe that eventually the best brain of the craft will combine with the progressive elements of the populace and their united efforts will usher into a prosperous life this ideal advocate, multiplied many times over. The minister will urge from his pulpit the importance of these sturdy champions of liberty. The schoolmaster will teach it to the youth throughout the land, and place it next to the "three R's" in the educational curriculum. The popular mind will be stirred in every city village and hamlet. The fiat will go forth that the firm, intrepid race journal—even if it be the much-abused 'patient back" and its news a trifle antiquated—shall have enthusiastic support, while the Pharisees and false prophets shall be hushed over the battlements, though they parade in raiment more gorgeous than that of Solomon. To the indictment that they are "not a reading people," the Negro of the future will enter a plea of "not guilty." Their demurrer will be sustained.

I firmly believe that the garden of the Afro-American press will be so thoroughly weeded that the thistles which now impede the race's progress will have no abiding place, and that the brave little band which survives the crucial test, will grow on with renewed vigor and in tropical splendor, until it assumes its rightful place as the formost factor in the scheme of civilization. A long step will have been taken toward the solution of the ever present race problem. In the golden age approaching the Negro journalist, may proudly stand upon the public forum an uncrowned king and if questioned as to his station or mission, let him exclaim with Lord Beaconsfield:

"I, sir, am a gentleman of the press, and I need no other escutcheon."

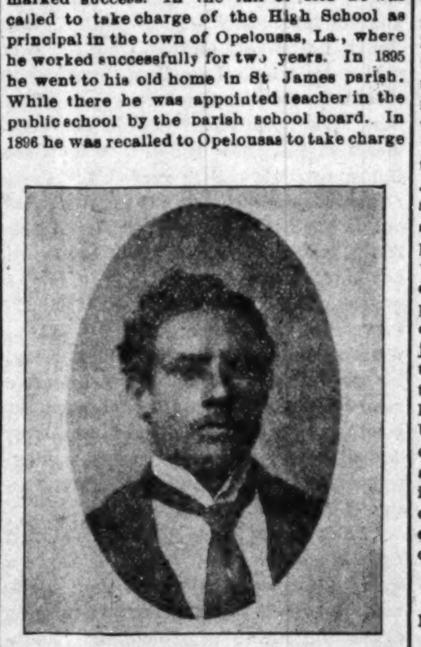
WILL J. SMITH.

One of the progressive colored men of Illinois. Mr. Smith, is what may be called a self made man All he has in the way of education and reputation is due to hard work and study. He taught school for a number of years, at the

same time reading law; was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court of Illinois; was manager of the Opera House in Carmi, Ill., for eight years. He is an Odd Fellow a lecturer. a politician and one of the leading colored lawyers of Southern Illinois.

PROF. GEO. F. PRIESTLY.

Prof. Geo. F. Priestley was born in St. James Parish La, Feb 8, 1870. He applied himself diligently to study in public and private schools in early years. He spent seven years of hard study at Leland University, New Orleans, La., and graduated in 1892. He has taught school in New Orleans and Amesville, La., with marked success. In the fall of 1892 he was called to take charge of the High School as principal in the town of Opelousas, La., where he worked successfully for two years. In 1895 he went to his old home in St James parish. While there he was appointed teacher in the public school by the parish school board. In 1896 he was recalled to Opelousas to take charge



of the same school of which he was teacher in 1892 Last summer he, with several other faithful workers, undertook the building of an academy for the moral and intellectual training of colored young men and women. The Opelousas People's Academy was completed for the opening of the session Oct. 4, 1897. This school is a promising one, located in a most desirable section of the town. Purely nonsectarian and incorporated. Prof. Priestly has managing ability, owns real estate and is well informed on political questions of the day. He studied law three years solely for information. He was married to Miss E. L. Greene, of Opelousas, in 1894. Mr. Priestly is a pianist and organist of no mean ability. He has copyrighted several musical compositions, though he makes pedagogy his specialty.

Everybody appreciates a good thing, and everybody will send in their order for our Christmas Number. It is unprecedented in the history of Negro journalism. One year $1.

EMANCIPATION DAY.

Two Nationalities who Celebrate Their Release From Bondage—The Thirteenth Amendment.

BY MOSES DICKSON, ST. LOUIS, MO.

The students in ancient and modern history have an interesting study when they attempt to find the origin of human slavery, and trace it through centuries of time. Slavery is absolute bondage which one person is the property or chattel of another and obligated to labor for his masters. Slavery has existed in some form in all nations; all nations of people have at times in their history, tasted the horror of human bondage. It was in existence at the dawn of history. The most ancient historians tell of it in their writing It is amusing to hear a person assert that slavery is a curse, if that is so all nations have been cursed. Then another's eminent for their culture and intelligence, will solemnly tell you that Ham, the founder of the Ethiopian nation, was cursed by his father Noah and that curse turned him black, and his decendants should be servants of servants, in other words slaves. These persons ought to read their bibles; it informs them that Noah did not curse Ham. But his exact words as they are recorded, 'Cursed be Canaan a servant of servants, shall he be unto his brethren." This prophetic curse was literally fulfilled when the Hebrews, the decendants of Shem, returned from their bondage in Egypt to Juda, there they found the decendants of Canaan and conquered them and made the Canaanites servants or slaves to their brethren the Hebrews.

I must pause: my subject is emancipation day. I find but two nations that remember and celebrate their release from bondage. The Jews celebrate annually the date of their emancipation from Egyptian bondage. The colored Americans have several days that they celebrate. There ought to but one day for the annual rejoicing and thanksgiving For several years the first day of August was celebrated in commeration of the freeing of the slaves of British West Indies, Aug., 1834. There are other emancipations not usually noticed in the United States by colored Americans Vermont abolished slavery, 1777: Pennsylvania, 1780; Massachusetts, 1780; Rhode Island, 1790; New York 1799: New Jersey, 1804. Slavery was opposed by eminent Statesmen from the beginning of the Government. Washington, Madison, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, Jay and many others who had a part in laying the foundation of this government, regarded slavery as a great evil, inconsistent with the principles of a free government. History informs us that there was always up to freedom eminent and determined men and women who made giant effort to free the slaves. The battle between freedom and slavery was bitter and desperate, and continued until the Southern slave states decided to withdraw from the union and erect a Southern confederacy. The main object of this government was to perpetuate human slavery. The result of that great rebellion is well known; one thing curious I must refer to: the South assisted; England was surely gaining victories over the union troops in 1862. The friends of the union decided that a bold move must be made and urged the President to issue a proclamation in the month of September announcing to the rebels if they did not lay down their arms and come into the union by the first day of January 1863, he would declare their slaves free. The Southern confederate soldiers laughed the proclamation to scorn, and exclaimed how can Lincoln free slaves, when his army cannot conquor us. However on the first day of January 1863 the emancipation proclamation was issued. The President had said before he issued it, if I could save the union without freeing any slaves I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would do that also. What I do about slavery and the colored race I do because I believe it would help to save the union, these are the sentiments spoken by the great emancipator. The proclamation did not cover all the slave states. It designated all of Arkansas, Texas, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, North and South Carolina, and part of Virginia and Louisiana. Kentucky and Missouri were not included in the proclamation.

If the union armies had not been successful, the proclamation would have been a dead letter. It was a wise movement on the part of Attorny General Bates when he decided that the freedmen were citizens of the United States, hence they could be mustered into the ranks of the union to fight and make a sure thing of their freedom by conquoring the confederate armies. The year of 1863 was memorial; 186 0x7 colored men enlisted in the union army. These colored soldiers proved themselves unsurpassed in bravery, they by their hard and determined fighting made Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation an assurred fact. The first day of January is a noted day and Abraham Lincoln a great emancipator, yet I do not believe the first day of January is the day to celebrate as emancipation day because the freedom of all bondmen in the United States was not made a fixed fact that day.

The thirteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States passed congress January 31st, 1865 and was submitted into the state legislature. It was adopted by twenty seven states and the amendment become a part of the constitution. It reads thus: 'Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist in the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction." The adoption of this amendment completes the emancipation of the colored Americans in all parts of this broad land. December 18th, 1865 the secretary of the United States issued his Proclamation declaring the thirteenth amendment adopted, every man, woman and child in the United States free. The 18th day of December is the proper day to celebrate emancipation. I submit this question to colored American citizens.

Wedding Bells.

Muncie, Ind., Special,

At the home of the bride's parents on Williard St., Miss Minnie Simpson was united in marriage to Wm. Smith, Miss Elnora Simpson and Andrew Jackson were married on Dec. 19th. Miss Rebecca Thompson gave a reception at her residence 109 W. Jackson street, Dec. 14th. Miss Ella Valentine of Frankfort, Ind., is making Muncie her home. Mrs. Edna Fletcher is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Curtis of Bloomington, Ill. Mrs. Lee of South Madison Street, is on the sick list. Mrs. John Robbins and children returned from Rising Sun, Ind., last Thursday accompanied by her father, who will make his home with her. Mrs. H. Phillips left Thursday for Lima, O., to spend the holidays with her parents. Dec. 28th, "The Africa Stars," will be given at the A. M. E. church, Miss Makhomo Mayne of the tribe of Amaxoso and Mr. H. C. Maykinya of Heald Town Cape Colony South Africa, who were with the "Stars" in Kaffier, speak Hottentott and English, will illustrate their people in both costumes and worship. Miss Williams gave another concert on Christmas Eve., after which presents were distributed from a Christmas tree.

Miss Archie Curtis will spend the holidays in the city the guest of Rev. F. P. Green and family. The Second Baptist church gave a Christmas entertainment. Mrs. Mary Knox of Cambrige city will spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. John Douglass of East Jackson St. Miss Susan Poindexter will leave for Washington, D. C., soon to remain. Mrs. Conway the turnkey's wife will spend Christmas at Connersville, the guest of her sister Mrs Dunson. The Second A. M. E. church will give an entertainment Dec. 25th.

EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.

Continued From First Page.

separate schools of the South, with Negro teachers, the wisest and best arrangement. I would look upon any considerable disturbance of this arrangement with much fear and trembling. When we note the intellectual strength, the vast amount of property, the prominent and able men and women of our race in the South, all since the war, we see plainly the helping hand of the white South in it all. Its moral support in religion, education and business has been the lever by which we have been raised. As babes in the hands of giants, could we have done so splendidly it the towering brain and moral force of the white South had been arrayed against us? For one, I think not.

After all, the education, most needed in the South is that which shall take us all far away from prejudice and misrepresentation—will make us drive away the ghosts of hate, and always hold in conscious view, angelic memories of the good services which we have rendered each other. Unless we can thus educate the heart, our trained heads and hands will be but sharpened instruments of hate. Therefore let us of the black South, be fair with our neighbors and friends of the white South. We have too much in common to agree about and live for, to spend one moment in misrepresentation and abuse.

John A. Wenell,

Practical - Hatter,

123 S. Illinois St, Old 73.
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Old Hats made new in the latest styles, all kinds of repairs on Gentlemen's Hat Trimmings to math any color. Straw Hats bleached and pressed.

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CLOCKS, RINGS,
SILVERWARE.

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FOR ONE YEAR.

H. L. SANDERS.

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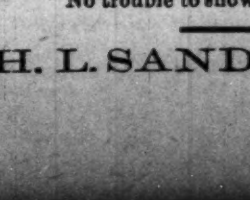

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A LIGHT OF THE PAST YEARS

A Review of a Splendid Character—Born a Slave—Died a Free Man.

MR. SAMUEL RINGGOLD WARD

His Career at Home and Abroad—The Memories of his Deeds—Pathways for Our Youth.

BY RICHARD T. GREENER, NEW YORK CITY.

One of the almost forgotten leaders among the colored people of the last generation, was Samuel Ringgold Ward. In eloquence he divided honors easily with Frederick Douglass in his prime, while in wit and humor he surpassed him. Ward was a man of grand physique, of intense, shiny blackness, heavy features, keen eyes, alarge, well moulded mouth, and aggressive chin. Though born in a state of slavery, his parents fled from the eastern shore of Maryland taking the infant Samuel with them to the state of New Jersey, where they resided until Ward was nine years of age. Moving to New York City, he attended the famous Free School for Colored Youth, in Mulberry street, taught by C.C. Andrews, a Quaker, from which Crummell, Garnet, M Smith, and Pennington were early graduated. Ward's parents reached New York City, Aug. 3, 1826, a month after Emancipation had been decreed in that State, and therefore he grew up on quasi-free soil, and enjoyed such meagre advantages of freedom as were then grudgingly accorded to the Northern free Negro. Prejudice everywhere in the United States at that time hedged in the aspiring Negro, and Ward went through the usual gaunt after leaving school, finally acting as a clerk for Thos. L. Jennings, a colored merchant tailor, and David Ruggles, another enterprising colored man, keeper of a sanitarium then of much repute in New York City. In 1833, Ward was converted, taught school at New Town, L. I., and afterwards at Newark, N. J., and in January, 1838, when a little more than 21 years of age, married a Miss Reynolds of New York City. In May, 1839, he became a licensed preacher under the New York Congregational Association, then traveling agent of the N. Y. Anti-Slavery Society. In September, 1841, Ward was ordained first pastor of the Congregational church of South Butler, Wayne County, N. Y., a white organization, the second instance of a Christian church in America rising superior to the prejudices of caste. Years afterwards he wrote, "I look back to my settlement among that dear people with peculiar feelings. It was my first charge; there I first administered the ordinance of baptism and the Lord's Supper, and there I first laid hands upon and set apart a deacon; there God honored my ministry, in the conversion of many, and in trebling the number of the members of the church, most of whom, I am delighted to know, are still walking in the light of God. The manly courage they showed in calling and sustaining and honoring as their pastor a black man, in that day, in spite of the too general Negro hate everywhere rife (and as professedly pious as rife) around them, exposing them as it did to the taunts, scoffs, jeers, and abuse of too many who wore the cloak of Christianity—entitled them to whatever they will ever receive my warmest thanks and love. I was their first pastor and they my first charge. Distance of both time and space has not divided us, and I trust will ever leave us one in heart and mind."

He had still another white charge, at Cortland Village, N. Y., in 1846, and preached occassionally at Geneva. Throat trouble led him to relinquish preaching for a time, and he began the study of medicine. He was one of the leaders of the Liberty party in New York, in 1844, taking a prominent part in that famous campaign. For participation in the "Jerry rescue case," where a fugitive was taken from his captors and set free by the abolitionists of Syracuse, it became expedient for Ward to remove "in some haste" to Canada, November 1851. In addition to his labors as preacher, anti-slavery lecturer, and medical practioner, Ward edited two papers in the interest of the colored people, one, "The Impartial Citizen," the other name unknown. In Canada he took to farming, and facetiously wrote: "After smattering away at teaching, law, medicine, divinity and public lecturing, I am neither lawyer, doctor, teacher, divine nor lecturer, and at the age of 38 I am glad to hasten back to what my father first taught me, and from what I never should have departed. the tilling of the soil, the use of the hoe." At 38, too, he had worked out the Carlylean formula of life, which he thus expresses: (1) Find your own appropriate place of duty. (2) When you have found it, by all means keep it. (3) If ever tempted to depart from it, return to it as speedily as possible.

Ward's interest in Anti-Slavery dates from the mobbing of David Paul Brown, the Philadelphia lawyer, in New York City, July 4, 1834, and of Benjamin F. Hughes, an able colored teacher, July 7, of the same year. On the latter occasion Ward was in the thickest of the fight, defending himself against the assailants (native white Americans) but he and other defenders of their rights were arrested by the police and locked up.

"My oath of allegiance to the Anti-slavery cause was taken in that cell on the 7th of July, 1834" His first attempt at public speaking was in 1837, before a literary society Lewis Tappen heard him, and predicted his future fame as an orator. It was in this year he spoke at the Broadway Tabernacle, in company with Frederick Douglass, whose oratory so surprised a listening Irishman that he demanded of a bystander, the nationality of Douglass. "He's only a half-nigger," was the reply. 'Only a half-nagur," said logical Pat, "Be jabbers, 'phat would a whole nagur do?" On this occasion, which long lived in the Anti-slavery memory, Ward was the "whole nagur," and his speech was conceded a

SAM'L RINGGOLD WARD.

master piece of eloquence, logic, irony and sarcasm. Tappen, Goddell, Cheever and Smith, all orators and logicians themselves, unite in saying it was never surpassed in the annals of Anti-slavery eloquence. Abolition speeches were not fully reported in those days hence Ward's is only tradition. Ward was remarkably effective as a public speaker, because he always spoke from the point of view of a native-born, black American, reared on free soil, well educated, mingling early with white people; it was said of him, he was never aware of his complextion untill he looked into a mirror.

While he could be scathing and bitter in invective, he had a touch of the humorous. On one occassion, being invited to the platform to speak, after the introduction by the chairman he took so much time looking about, under the platform, under the table, and at the wings, the presiding officer greatly perplexed, asked him what he was looking for. "A place to put my feet," responded Ward, amid the roars of the audience.

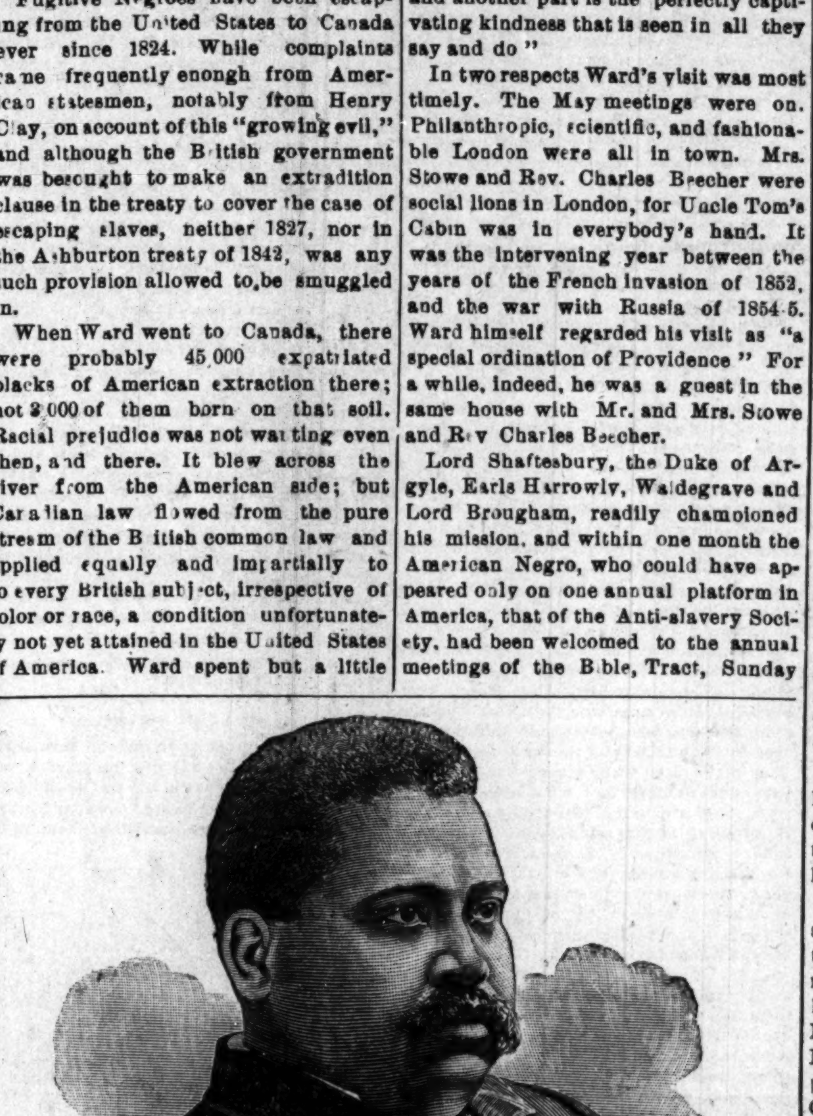
He understood the art of getting enrapport with an assemblage, the first essential of oratorical success. While he was not among the first American Negro orators to be welcomed abroad, Redmond, Douglass, William Wells Brown, Pennington, Crummell and McCune Smith having preceeded him, either as lecturers or as students, he was nevertheless one of the most popular and successful. Like the late Rev J. C. Price, who resembled him in many respects, his blackness in England was a great advantage to him. His varied experience in America had made him a versatile man, and unvarying good nature attracted friendship and ever provoked sympathy. A Welshman, who alone objected to his presence at the second cabin table of a Cunarder, at the begining of the voyage to England, became his fast friend before the nine days sail was over, and the big Negro and the little Welshman were seen walking the deck together, arm in arm! Perhaps a voice, remarkable for its timbre, in compass and melody, with which Ward was phenomenally endowed, had much to do with his hold over any class of auditors. You were compelled to listen and follow him. But much of his success lay in his manly, bold, christian attitude, one not to often heard from Negro orators. "I never so compromised my own self respect, nor even consented to so deep degradation of my people as to condescend to ask pity for them at the hands of their oppressors. I cast no reflections upon, and certainly utter no centure against, those who do; but I never did, God forgive me when I ever shall. Justice, "even handed justice," for the Negro, that which, according to American profession, is every man's birthright, that I claimed nothing less. * * * Those who have done us the most injuries think it a virtue to express sympathy with us, a kind of arms' length, cold blood sympathy; while neither of these would, on any account, consent to do towards us the commonest kind of justice. What the Negro needs is what belongs to him, what has been ruthlessly torn from him, and what is by consent a democracy and a Christless religion, witholden from him guiltily, per everingly. When he shall have that restored, he can acquire pity enough, and all the sympathy he needs, cheap wares, as they are; but to ask for them instead of his rights was never his calling."

At the time Ward fled to Canada, the horrors of the merciless Fugitive Slave Law were already beginning to show themselves. Small wonder, Ward despaired of reforming the United States, then absolutely dominated by an oligarchy of 61,000 slaveholders. The whole government was at their mercy; the Christian church was utterly subservient and servile; the abolitionist were in a hopeless minority apparently; John Brown was not at that moment contemplating the shot, "heard round the world." Necessity made, and choice confirmed Ward as a British subject an allegiance he naturally ever afterward boasted of and proudly proclaimed. His enthusiasm when first viewing the St. Lawrence, was fervent. It was a new world of freedom.

"Before I knew it, I was prefering the right hand—the British side, and concluding that on that side things were most inviting. Why had I interest in the British side of the noble St. Lawrence? Simply the fact that that country had become to me, in a sense in which no country ever was before, my own, and those people my fellow citizens."

Fugitive Negroes have been escaping from the United States to Canada ever since 1824. While complaints came frequently enough from American statesmen, notably from Henry Clay, on account of this "growing evil," and although the British government was besought to make an extradition clause in the treaty to cover the case of escaping slaves, neither 1827, nor in the Ashburton treaty of 1842, was any such provision allowed to be smuggled in.

When Ward went to Canada, there were probably 45,000 expatriated blacks of American extraction there; not 3,000 of them born on that soil. Racial prejudice was not waiting even then, and there. It blew across the river from the American side; but Canadian law flowed from the pure stream of the British common law and applied equally and impartially to every British subject, irrespective of color or race, a condition unfortunately not yet attained in the United States of America. Ward spent but a little



HON. C. H. J. TAYLOR,
See Article Page One—Part Two.

over a year in Canada before his presence was desired to plead the Negro's cause in England. He was to have another instance of race prejudice. His ticket, first class, on the Cunarder was sold to his friend Lew Tappen, the abolitionist, only upon the condition that "the gentleman should take his meals in his state room." Ward was indignant, naturally, over this at first, but he reasoned it out that this was only a business arrangement, in which the disadvantage happened to be on his side, because the United States governments paid Mr. Canard $350 000 for carry the U. S. mail. Yankees were constant and frequent customers, Nergo's were not; hence the ultimate remedy for all such discrimination at least, lay with Negroes themselves, and that remedy was to get wealth, to become business men and more frequent travelers.

"Then I saw, that the chief, almost only business of the Negro, is to be a man of business. * * * Yes; black men must seek wealth. We have men of learning, men of professional celebrity, men who can wield the pen, men of pulpit and forum, but we must have men of wealth, he who does most to promote his own and his neighbor's weal in this regard, does most to promote the interest of his race."

Thackeray was a fellow traveler on shipboard and visited Ward daily. He took quite a fancy to his black American friend, and invited him to call upon him in London. and long after kept up the acquaintance.

Life in free Canada had partially prepared Ward for life in cosmopolitan London. He did not, however, grow extravagant on finding himself on really free soil at last. "I did not feel, as some blacks say they felt upon landing—that I was for the first time in my life a man. No, I always felt that; however wronged, maltreated, outraged—still a man. Indeed, the very bitterness of what I had suffered at home consisted chiefly in the consciousness I always carried with me of being an equal man to any of those who trampled upon me."

He was a close observer and promptly "kicked" at being charged treble fare by an English "cabby" on landing. He did not observe the squalor among English factory operatives he had heard so often enlarged upon in the United States, especially about election times; did not find their condition "far worse than that of the Negro slaves," and the more he saw the more he began to lose faith in high tariff views. English twilights, live lords and charming, affable hostesses like Mrs. Binney, soon convinced our black American that he was indeed in another country. "English people of all ranks who are really genteel have a most skillful and yet an indescribably easy way of making one feel perfectly at ease with them. I cannot tell how it is done. I saw it in all good English society, but how they did it I do not know. I think part of it is in being perfectly at ease themselves, and another part is the perfectly captivating kindness that is seen in all they say and do"

In two respects Ward's visit was most timely. The May meetings were on. Philanthropic, scientific, and fashionable London were all in town. Mrs. Stowe and Rev. Charles Beecher were social lions in London, for Uncle Tom's Cabin was in everybody's hand. It was the intervening year between the years of the French invasion of 1852, and the war with Russia of 1854-5. Ward himself regarded his visit as "a special ordination of Providence" For a while, indeed, he was a guest in the same house with Mr. and Mrs. Stowe and Rev Charles Beecher.

Lord Shaftesbury, the Duke of Argyle, Earls Harrowly, Waldegrave and Lord Brougham, readily chamoioned his mission, and within one month the American Negro, who could have appeared only on one annual platform in America, that of the Anti-slavery Society, had been welcomed to the annual meetings of the Bible, Tract, Sunday School, Missionary, Temperance, and Peace societies. In ten months he had collected $6 000 for the Anti-slavery Society of Canada.

Miss Greenfield, the "Black Swan," was also in England, starring, while Ward was lecturing on Slavery. He heard her sing at Stafford House, before the British nobility. Sir David Brewster, said of her: "She has two throats," alluding to the ease with which she passed from the lowest to the highest notes. London had already heard Frank Johnson's celebrated Negro band from Philadelphia, and had presented them with a set of silver instruments. Now, a Philadelphia negress was charming them with her superb singing. It is not strange that noting all these marks of appreciation, this entire absence of color prejudice, our eloquent black champion began to write glibly of Dukes and Earls, Lords and Marquises. We all know how subtle the charm of English nobility is. Neither Lowell nor Astor, Depew nor Bayard, Bret Harte nor Bourke Cochran, have been able to resist it. Nor have the Negro representatives of our own day failed to pay like tribute to England's interest in the race, as Sella Martin, Mrs. Wells-Barnett, the Harlem "Coffee Cooler," Peter Jackson, and Paul Dunbar prove.

Admiring British institutions and hospitality did not prevent him from often expressing his views, plainly and boldly. Everywhere his American bias was apparent. He confesses he does not like oaten cakes, haggis, cockieleekie or bagpipes, as much as Burns and Walter Scott. He had heard that a Scotch mist would wet even an Irishman to the skin, but a Scotch fog, he testifies, went through his, and gave him a congestion of the lungs, the worst in twenty years. The democratic ways of the Scotch people pleased him, and the clergy, chief order of nobility, struck him as a classification eminently proper and useful. An amusing incident occurred at Holyrood, when the guide pointed out to our black American, the stone upon which Queen Mary stood when she was married to Bothwell. Ward asked the guide, to the amusement of the accompanying friends, to tell him first when she was married to Bothwell, and then whether she was married or not. The guide confessed it was a mooted subject, the ladies laughed, and the guide kept within the record afterward. He accords all credit to the Scotch abolitionists, but he scores the Scotchman as a slaveholder, in the United States or elsewhere. "Like others they treated their children of African blood as half castes, and denied them social equality with whites. * * * They did not, as a rule, trade in the persons of their own children."

Scotch farming was his ideal of perfection. Nowhere in the United States had he seen anything equaling the farming of the Scotch lowlands, and he

RICHARD W. THOMPSON.
See Article Elsewhere.

had been a good traveler at home. Of the Scotch religious character he considered it, "possibly more educational than spiritual, more intelligent than feeling, more doctrinal than practical, more refined, metaphysical and casuistic than reformatory," an analysis worthy of study.

He spent only twenty days in Ireland, and readily notes it as presumptuous to attempt to speak of that country "intelligently." One can see that he cannot look upon the Irishman at home, without being influenced by the attitude of the Irish-American of that time, toward the race. Irish lakes and mountain scenery did not impress him. He had lived within three hours' sail of Niagara, and Mr. Herbert's falls at Ross Castle suffered naturally in comparison. Killarney even paled beside Ontario, Erie and Michigan, nor did they, to his American eye, equal Skaneateles, Geneva, Seneca and Crooked Lake in his own great state of New York. Journeying from Sligo to Mullingar in a slow coach, four in a box, over sixty-six Irish miles (equal to eighty-four English), at a certain stage of the journey he asked the guard, "a broth of a boy:"

"How far is it to Mullingar, guard?"

"Two and twinty miles, yer honor."

"Irish miles are longer than English miles, are they not?"

"Yis, yer honor, and quite as wide."

The poverty, degradation, begging classes of Ireland, so observable in that day, so near the days of famine, all impress him, and he does not hesitate to write, "Descendant of an Irishman though I be. Kingston swarms with beggars; in Dublin they dog your footsteps at every turn. The same is true of them in Cork, in Sligo, everywhere. That, you will not find among my unfortunate people, in any part of America or elsewhere. In spite of all other causes, it must be admitted that the degradation of our Irish fellow subjects is a matter of their own choosing; so I say of the degradation of our Irish fellow subjects is a matter of their own choosing; so I say of the degradation of the Negro who in many points is very much like the Celt." There son of basis for Ward's reflections are seen in this further comment. "Of all Europeans, the Irish immigrant becomes as a rule the most ready dupe of the pro-slavery men. When arriving in America, the Negro's birthplace, the free country for which the Negro fought and bled, he is one of the first to ridicule and abuse the free Negro. * * * How I wish the immigrant from the Emerald Isle understood the doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man, and practiced it towards his colored fellow citizens."

Among the Welsh our American Negro found his greatest comfort, respect, and admiration. "No country, no people, ever pleased me so much, excepting black people, of course." The churches, the thrift, the absence of poverty, the general intelligence, the hearty hospitable receptions he met, even when speaking a language some of them did not understand, all impressed him. The scenery, too, reminded him of the Genessee Valley, the Susquehanna, and some portions of the St. Lawrence Valley. Others might describe it, or attempt the task—all he could say was, "It is beautiful!"

In Wales he saw the most truly religious and moral country he had ever known, and her peasantry, barring one pernicious ancestral heritage "bunding," the best peasantry he had ever met. There were fewer scandalous crimes in the courts, no lewd women in the streets, no brawls, fights or drunkenness, such as disgraced English, Irish and even Scotch towns. A drunken peasant or miner was a rare sight in Wales. There was no begging, but everywhere cleanliness and order. The prevailing industry of the laboring classes kept them high-toned and exemplary. In a single town of Ireland or England he had seen more drunkenness than the whole of Wales.

The one thing which struck him and pleased him above all others, in his British tour of nearly two years, was "the growing, abounding love of the simple gospel among religious classes of all denominations." This he regards as the saving salt of the British nation, part, indeed, of her high mission to other nations of the earth. But while feted by the nobility, and mingling with the great dissenting middle class, enjoying rare social intercourse and large opportunities for seeing the religious portion in their churches and schools, he was not carried away by the lofty cathedrals, ruins and abundant relics and memories of the past. It was the England of the day he was interested in.

"I cannot feel an Englishman's interest in relics of antiquity. My life has been spent in a new country, and I cannot bring myself to admire old buildings and ruins. The statues of Pitt, Wilberforce, Buxton and Clarkson, interested me more than all the ancient things put together." There was one notable exception, however, which demanded and received his willing homage. "Nothing of the antique, nothing of the past age, gave me deeper interest than the residence, the chapel, and the Bible (1541) of George Fox. If not so antique as other places and things, it is the earliest of the interesting relics of that sect, which has done more for mankind than, perhaps, any other of like numbers, since the days of the apostles and the martyrs."

During his tour abroad, Ward so charmed his Scotch auditors that one of them, a Mr. Candler of Chelmsford, made him a gift of 50 acres of choice land in the Island of Jamaica, where Ward's cousin, Henry Highland Garnet, afterward U. S. Minister at the Republic of Liberia, was then living.

Samuel Ringgold Ward returned to the United States and Canada only to bear more grievously the disadvantages of race prejudice, and to despair of any amelioration in the condition of slaves, and to be doubtful of the future of the free Negro. He went to Jamaica, cultivated his land, and eventually died there just before the breaking out of our civil war, in which, had he lived, he would have been as conspicuous as Frederick Douglass, Garnet, Downing, Wilson and others of the old leaders, men whose names are better known by this generation.

In his day there was no more conspicuous figure among the leading colored freemen of the time, none more intrepid and courageous of utterance, none more eloquent of speech, none more feared in invective and sarcasm. He never forgot to urge he was an American citizen first, and a Negro afterward. Though nominally born a slave, he was in reality always a freeman. Indeed, he did not know until he was a full-grown man that he had been born under the shadow of the yoke, and the communication of this fact to him by his remarkably intelligent mother served only the more to fire his soul against the enormity of the slave system.

No specimens of his occasional speeches are extant, so far as known. The record of his trip abroad, the memory of his eloquence, are all we have to paint the salient features of a mind which it may be instructive for this generation to know. In New York State, in Canada and in England he left a memory as teacher, pastor and lecturer, orator and gentleman, among the brightest of his race, everywhere a grateful one.

Do You Love Music.

If so secure one of the latest and pretties Two-Steps of the day, by mailing Ten Cents, (silver or stamps) to cover mailing and postage, to the undersigned for a copy of the "Big Four Two-Step. (Mark envelope "Two Step.") We are giving this music, which is regular fifty-cent sheet music, at this exseedingly low rate. for the purpose of advertising and testing the value of the different papers as advertising mediums. E. O. McCormick, Passenger Traffic Manager, Big Four Route, Cincinnati, O. Mention The Freeman when you write.

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If You Want Information About Home Seekers' Excursions.

Ticket Agents of the Pennsylvania Lines will furnish information regarding Home-Seekers, Excursions to various points in the Northwest, West, Southwest and South It will pay to investigate if you contemplate a trip. Apply to nearest Pennsylvania Line Ticket Agent, or address W. W. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, Indianapolis. Ind

Do Not Borrow
FROM YOUR NEIGHBORS BUT
SEND US $1.00
AND WE WILL SEND YOU
THE FREEMAN
FOR ONE YEAR.

POLITICAL DUTY OF THE HOUR

Broad Hints to Negro Voters—A National United Political Action the Secret of Success.

BY AUGUSTUS M. HODGES, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A more or less distinguished Negro writer not long since wrote an article for a New York City newspaper of more than local fame and circulation, in which he said that neither wealth or education would or could lift the Negro from his present low position. This writer, for a few dollars, told of "the passing of the Negro" and a knowledged the inferiority of himself and race. At the time his article appeared in print, I answered him through the columns of the same journal, as my view of the future of the race was then bright, since then I regret to say, circumstances have almost caused me to believe, that the said colored penman was something of a seer when he wrote his article.

The Negro is not advancing in a manner that his white friends of the old abolition stock (if there are any left) would wish. In fact he is not holding his own in anything. Statisticians come forward and say that our death rate is larger and birth rate smaller since the war, and several race writers of note have collected some unfavorable figures which, if true, prove that we are not as a whole advancing as we did the first decade after the war. We all know that our sun of political power and influence, appears to be setting.

In the face of these facts (or seemingly facts), there is one fact that stands out in bold relief, to wit: that it will be years and years and generations and generations before the Negro will cease to be a faction of this great nation's people. It will be generations yet un born before the Negro problem is solved, either by emigration, extermination, legislation or disease. It is therefore our duty to face conditions and not talk over theories; to prepare to live, not to die; to fight for all of our God-given and constitutional rights, both social and political. Our political rights are the ones I would like to call attention to the readers of this article. As American citizens, born upon the soil, we are by the constitution of the country entitled to all the political rights of law-abiding citizens. As members of the Republican party, we are entitled to the same consideration as other members of that party, when we perform the same service, either in convention or at the polls. When we do not get the same we should take united steps to obtain our rights, even if we were obliged to leave the ranks of the "Grand Old Party."

Let me, between the lines, impress a truth upon the minds of every colored voter in the United States. The Republican party of to-day, is not the Republican party of the days of Lincoln, Sumner, Thad, Stevens, and Grant. It may be and perhaps is the only party the Negro vote can train with, upon the theory of, between the choice of two rotten eggs, select the one less decayed. The Negro has not ceased to be an important factor in the halls of conventions (presidential) or at the polls (in the North), and it is the political duty of the hour that we unite under good leadership and not only "demand," but get from the Republican party that honorable reward before and after election, that other factions of the said party receive. For the past ten years the Negro has been the tool of the Republican party, to be used either before election (as in the convention which nominated Harrison the second time) or at election (as they were in the first Harrison election, when the black vote of New York state alone, elected him). After election the Negro voters are forgotten, the few offices the unwritten political law demands, must be granted to Negroes, are given to moss-back political-back number of colored men, who represent no one but themselves; men who lived in Washington, D. C., and thereby learn how to enter the White House by the kitchen door.

This state of affairs will exist until the colored voters rise up in arms; until they withdraw as a whole from the Republican party and "stand up and be counted," or unite in presidential conventions and vote as a unit for "a dark horse," from whom they have first received an iron clad pledge that the colored voters will be treated after election as other voters.

The appointment of B. K. Bruce, of Washington (not Mississippi), is an insult to the colored voters of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, New York and in fact Mississippi and the whole United States, wherever a black man has a vote, even if it is not allowed or not counted if allowed.

Without viewing the "kitchen" methods, this appointment was gained without reviewing the deaf ear the President has turned to appeals for the office from leading Negroes of the party from all sections of the country—leaders not in name but action—without reviewing the lack of fitness of the appointee; without reviewing the insult the appointment is to the Knoxes of Indiana, the Andersons of New York, the Napiers of Tennessee, the Gaineses of Kentucky, the Smiths of Ohio, the Wrights of Georgia, the Williamses of New Jersey and the colored people of the United States in general and the colored members of the Republican party (South), who helped nominate the President and North, who elected him in particular, let us get down to the political duty of the hour. The said duty is to prepare at once to prevent in the future the appointment of obscure or politically dead Negro Republicans by future presidents to offices of trust as "leading" (God save the mark!) colored men. Let us take steps to stop the "kitchen door" entry of the White House by Negro Washington "carpetbaggers".

It is the political duty of the hour; a duty we owe to ourselves; a duty we owe to the party; a duty we owe to our race and a duty we owe to the nation, of which we are still an important political faction. The duty is plain, the path way to the same is clear. Let the colored Republicans of the South at once commence under able generalship to select delegates to the next Republican National convention; let the black Republicans be so organized by the time appointed to elect delegates, that they will be able to defeat "Lily Whites" or Federal bone hunters in the state conventions and thereby gain a majority of the delegates; let them at the National convention ignore the unit rule; let them try to hold the balance of votes in the convention; let them cast their votes for the candidates who pledges not to forget those who nominated him (from the South), and if a close vote at the polls, decided by the states of Indiana, Ohio, Illinois and New York, where the Negro vote is more than a dream. The Negroes of the said states must also be remembered after the battle.

T REGINALD CLARKE.
See Article Elsewhere.

Failing to obtain such a pledge, the colored delegates should withdraw from the convention and nominate a National Afro-American ticket. We would then stand up and be counted and the result of the count would be that the white Republican party would find out that they had lost the states of New York, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Maryland.

It is the duty of the hour for the Negroes to unite, to similate the whites in every honorable progressive move. It will not do to hold "conventions," pass resolutions, make "demands" and write protests; united action is the proper step.

United political action is the duty of the hour; a duty if we neglect we must expect to see the few empty honors and the still fewer financial rewards and crumbs allotted to the "brother in black," carried off by antedeluvian Negro "statesmen" and "leading" colored Republicans, who know the combination to the National kitchen door, until death removes them. They are not to blame—we are. I give any negro credit who is smart enough to get anything or any honorable office from either great political party, still I can not give the majority of voters the smart Negro "represents" credit for being fools or cat's paws.

WHAT MAY SEEM VALUELESS

Now, will Make the Freedom of the Negro in the Future—The Fundamental Principles.

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, TUSKEGEE, ALA.

It is important that every colored man and woman keep courage and take a hopeful view of the future. Without hope and faith it is not possible to accomplish much. First, the Negro should have faith in himself; and in the second place he should have faith in the opportunities which his country offers him for growth, for success He who has not faith in himself and his country can not succeed. I am fully aware of all the difficulties—the discouragements that surround us on every hand, but let us find a way out of these difficulties. In the effort and struggle to find a way out we gain a strength that will be most helpful to us in the future. Any individual or race can succeed when the conditions about him are easy, but the test comes in finding a way out of discouraging surroundings.

At one time Julius Caesar advised that the present English race not be made slaves of, because he said they were too worthless to be made good slaves. Other races all over the world were once discriminated against as we are to-day, but by almost superhuman strength they have risen out of that condition and to-day are on top.

Three of the fundamental principles for the success of any race are, the right to secure and own property, the privilege of getting education, and the opportunity to enter business or industrial life. I am well aware that there are some places in this country where one or all of these privileges are not freely accorded us. But when it comes to the South where the bulk of the race lives, we have about gotten to the point where these opportunities are accorded us as a race. Here is the entering wedge. Here is the chance to lay the foundation, not only for this generation, but for those to follow. With these elements as a foundation, I believe that every other privilege will in due time come to us as a race I would say to every colored man in the land, get hold of land, whether it be much or little, whether it is for cultivation or rental whether it is to be used for speculation, for a truck garden, a factory, a shop or a dwelling; get land. If it is valueless now, it will be valuable to your children in the generations to come.

With equal emphasis I would say, get education and enter business or industrial life. Start a bank account Put money in the bank. If it is only a dollar, start a bank account with the coming of the New Year, 1898. With the elements of strength to which I have referred, coupled with morality and religion, there is no power on earth that can retard or prevent our progress. Thousands of youths are coming to this country every year from European countries, and starting in absolute poverty, soon grow to the point where they are prosperous, independent citizens. The Negro can do the same thing if he has the courage and patience to begin at the bottom and keep struggling upward till he reaches the goal.

PROF. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

THE ATHENS OF COLORED

Americans—Washington City—Literary Talent Within its Limits—An Inspiring Panorama.

W. T. MENARD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The fact of its being the capital of this great republic renders the city of Washington at once a place of great importance and the Mecca of all patriotic Americans. It is the dynamo of this great country, the rendezvous of statesman, the crucible of all legislative thought and the terminus of all ambition. Of the 270,000 souls here over 90,000 are colored, and among the race are to be found some of the brightest minds in America and the peers of any elsewhere From the vast amount of wealth, intelligence, literary and professional men and women and distinguished national characters to be found among the colored people of this city, Washington can be truly called the "Athens of the American Negro."

EDUCATORS.

Prominent among the colored educators of this city are: Profs. Kelley, Miller and George W. Cook, of Howard University; Profs. W. S. and H. P. Montgomery, J. W. Cromwell, J. L. Love, Parker N. Bailey, Henry Bailey, J. H. N. Waring, E. W. Brown, G. F. T. Cook, Miss E. G. F. Merritt and F. L. Cardoza, of the public schools, and Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, ex-Senator B. K. Bruce. G. H. Richardson and Sterling N. Brown, of the Board of School Trustees. In addition to the above must be included Profs. J. H. Hill, manual training; Profs. T. L. Furby, Bernardine Smith, J. T. Layton, Mrs. A. S. Davis, Will M. Cook, J. H Douglass and Clarence White, music instructors. In addition to Howard University and its law and medical departments, and Wayland Seminary, there are nearly forty finely appointed school buildings for colored youth, including a High and a Normal School.

NATIONAL CHARACTERS.

The leading national characters of the colored race reside here. Of our distinguished men who reside here we may mention ex-Senator B. K. Bruce, ex-Governor P B. S. Pinchback. Hon. Jno. R. Lynch, Hon. Henry P. Cheatham, and Hon. George H. White. This city was also the home of those foremost Negro-Americans, the late Frederick Douglass and Hon. John M. Langston.

NEWSPAPERS.

The principal Negro journals of this city are: The Colored American, E. E. Cooper, editor; The Guide, Rev. O. M. Waller, editor; The Bee, W. C. Chase, editor, and The Baptist Magazine, Rev. W. B. Johnson, editor. Prominent among the newspaper correspondents are: R. W. Thompson, R. H. Terrell, E. L. Thornton, J. W. Crummell, R. S. Smith, Dr. J. G. Clayton, L. M. Hershaw, Dr. F. J. Webb, J. N. Johnson and A O. Stafford.

CHURCHES.

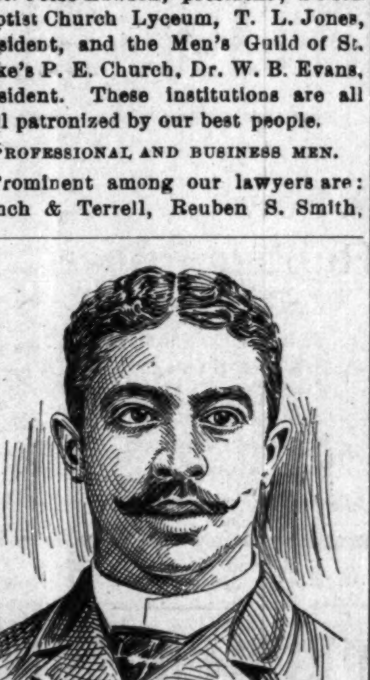
The most prominent churches are: Fifteenth Street Presbyterian, St. Luke's Episcopal, Metropolitan A. M. E., Vermont Avenue Baptist, Asbury M. E., St. Augustine Catholic, Second Baptist, Nineteenth Street Baptist and University Park Temple. The most prominent pastors are: Revs. F. J. Grimke, O M. Waller, Alex. Crummell, Sterling Brown, Walter Brooks, W. B. Johnson, Geo. W. Lee, J. A. Johnson and J. A. Taylor.

OUR LITERATI.

The literary associations of this city are Bethel Literary and Historical Association, Prof. L. M. Hershaw, president; Second Baptist Church Lyceum, Prof. Jesse Lawson, president; Shiloh Baptist Church Lyceum, T. L. Jones, president, and the Men's Guild of St. Luke's P. E. Church, Dr. W. B. Evans, president. These institutions are all well patronized by our best people.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS MEN.

Prominent among our lawyers are: Lynch & Terrell, Reuben S. Smith, Milton Holland, E. M. Hewlett, John Moss, J. H Ricks, W. C Martin, W L. Pollard, E. V. Davis and T. L. Jones. The medical fraternity is well represented by Drs. D. H. Williams, of the Freedman's Hospital; C. B. Curvis, F. J. Shadd, J R Francis, Phil H Brooks, Robt. A. Brown, W. S Loften, Mamie I. Williams, J. H. Martin, C. W. Childs, Geo. H. Cardoza and others.



W. T. MENARD.

There are hundreds of graduates of law and medicine among the department clerks in the city. The professional world is represented by James H. Meriwether, L. H. Douglass, L. H. Pullies, C. R. Douglass, N. Sprague, L. G. Fletcher, Mrs. E. B. Matthews, Whitfield McKinley, L. C. Bailey and others. The most prominent colored business enterprise is the Capital City Bank, with Hon. J. R Lynch, president, D B. McCary, cashier, Robert Douglass, paying teller, and C. H. Johnson, receiving teller. There are many colored men conducting other business enterprises.

In every branch of the public service the Negro is represented, and the hundreds of colored clerks have records of which they have reason to be proud. Quite a number of them have earned promotions under the merit system, and have in many instances showed superiority over the boastful Caucasian.

It is a singular fact that little or no prejudice is exhibited by the whites in the several departments of Government, but one sees striking evidences of prejudice in and about the several dining-rooms, buffets, etc., patronized by these same people.

The public schools of the city of Washington are undoubtedly the finest in the country for the education of colored youth. The corps of teachers embraces graduates from Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Princeton, Oberlin and other famous institutions of learning. There is a large school attendance, and the commencement exercises of the High and Normal School is an event of the year. A military organization, the High School Cadets, is composed of colored youth, superbly uniformed and finely officered, and is the pride of the town and the joy of the race.

Of the many fine school edifices here the following named are monuments to the memory of distinguished Afro-Americans: Payne, Banneker, Wormley, Garnet, John F. Cook and Douglass. There are no mixed schools here. The Freedman's Hospital, Dr. D. H. Williams, chief surgeon, is a noteworthy institution, also the training school for nurses and the private sanitarium of Dr. J. R. Francis.

The colored people are well represented in the District National Guard, having two battalions of troops well equipped and disciplined. The race is also well represented in the police department, fire department, detective bureau and all other branches of the District government.

Thus, with such an array of talent Washington City easily outranks all others in the production of distinguished and professional men of color. There is every reason to believe that this city will maintain its superiority and continue to be the pride of the country and the Athens of the race.

Orders for our Christmas number are coming fast—send yours in at once.

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POPULAR BREAKFAST FOOD

Ask your grocer for it or send to us for sample.

Knoxville College. Classical, Scientific Agricultural, Mechanical, Normal and Common School Courses, together with Theological and Medical Schools. Fifty-five Dollars a Year will cover all expenses of board, tuition, fuel, light and furnished room. Separate home and matron for little girls and another for little boys from 6 to 15 years. Term begins last Monday in September. Send for catalogue to President of Knoxville College, Knoxville, Tenn.

1896. "BUSINESS, WEALTH AND RACE UNITY." 1897.

(BUSINESS CIRCULAR NO. 86.)

Supreme Board of Directors of the I. S. D. C.

—OFFICE OF THE I. S. D. C.—

MOST SUPREME

GRAND MASTER MERCHANT

172 SUMPTER STREET,

Brooklyn, New York. June 12, 1897.

To the Progressive Colored People of the United States, Greeting:

We wish to respectively announce to you that on February 12, 1896 (Lincoln's Birthday) a National Secret Society or order of Colored Merchants and buyers was duly organized, known as the

Invincible Sons and Daughters of Commerce.

The Members of the I. S. D. C. are pledged and duly sworn to purchase all their goods from

Colored Merchants and Shop Keepers,

When said merchants and shop keepers are members of the Order, also to start stores in locations where there are none kept or owned by colored people.

The Supreme Board of Stockholders Loans Lodges

MONEY TO START STORES,

YOU CANNOT BECOME NON-FINANCIAL AS IN THE OLD SOCIETIES. For every cent you put in your lodge you get a part of it back. The I. S. D. C., is NOT A DEATH BENEFIT SOCIETY, BUT ONE TO BENEFIT YOU WHILE YOU LIVE, not after death, although we bury our dead. We differ from the old societies. Their motto is: "We care for the sick and bury the dead."

We believe that the key to wealth is BUSINESS. We believe that the key to business is RACE UNITY. We believe that the key to the so-called Negro problem are BUSINESS, WEALTH and RACE UNITY. We believe that race unity along the avenues of Business and Commerce will open to us all the gateways to true and full fledged American citizenship and have, therefore organized the I. S. D. C., with the hope and belief that its membership will soon include every progressive colored man, woman and child in the United States.

215 subordinate lodges, "Family Leagues," "Housewives and Daughters Circles," "State Boards of Directors," one Junior Merchant Club, (boys; two "Little Mother's Lodge," and one "Merchant's Commandery," uniformed rank; have been set apart in the following States, to wit: Texas, Alabama, Virginia, Delaware, South Carolina, New York, New Jersey, Tennessee, Mississippi, Illinois, Massachusetts and California, with all the rights, signs, grips, degrees, pass words, etc., of the order of I. S. D. C.

OUR MOTTO:

"We care for the well and raise the living." You can belong to as many other societies or orders as you wish as the I. S. D. C. does not conflict with any of them. You can be of any religious or political faith. You are obliged to eat and wear clothes, why not buy from yourself? Why not save half your earnings? The I. S. D. C. intends to keep within the order the thousands of dollars spent yearly for food and clothing and invest the profits of the same in paying real estate, stocks, government bonds, business, commerce, etc., by simply buying from its own branch stores.

For further information as to membership or applications for state jurisdiction, Boss Merchants Degree, Family Leagues, Uniform Degrees and Junior Merchants (boys) address (with two cent stamp) Augustus M. Hodges, 172 Sumpter street, Brooklyn N. Y.

N. B. As we mean business, no notice will be taken of letters without return postage.

Yours for race unity,

AUGUSTUS M. HODGES,
Most Supreme Grand Master Merchant.

FRANK FRY, Bivens, Tenn.,
Deputy Master Merchant.

GEORGE P. ISSACS, Brenham, Tex.,
Supreme Senior Vice Merchant,

L. L. JACKSON, Hattiesburg, Miss.,
Supreme Junior Vice Merchant.

ATTEST: GEORGE A. CORPREW,
Most Supreme Grand Book-keeper.

MISS LUCY L. OWENS,
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New York Store.

Established 1853.

Now For The Last Day

Come Where Stocks are Largest, Facilities are Best and Prices Lowest.

Room for Everyone and All Are Welcome.

A Merry Christmas TO ALL.

PETTIS DRY GOODS CO.

"SWAMP ANGEL" ON THE WING

"The Old Year is dying, to-night she is dying
Tho' moonbeams are kissing her brow in her pride;
All silent her coming; her departure is silent,
As others have come and others have died.

Let us pause at her feet and live in her sunshine;
Let us dwell there and drink from her chalice of gold,
From fountains increasing, from her own tender bosom,
The nectar that heals up the wounds in the soul."

Another twelfth month finds us still tugging at the door of hope. We pause ere we reluctantly close the door in the face of '97 for a general resume. We are on the threshold of a new year. Some will look back with deep regret over the mistakes of the past year, but will strive to profit by them in the future. You that have been ensnared by the gilded glitter of superficial life, or wandered in Elysian fields in quest of happiness, or chased the will-'o-the-wisp through marshy places, should shuffle over to the narrow, rugged path that leads to substantial happiness:

But to summarize: The year has been a noted one in social circles. Many strangers have wined and dined within our gates. The East End and the West Side have laid down arms, and now wave the white flag of peace over the social arena. There is still, however, room for improvement even in the "smart set." Too many of them are like weather vanes—blown by every strange wind. Their thinking faculties have never been fully developed. They are mere pigmies, toadying to the likes and dislikes of others.

The churches, collectively, are making the same progress as they will a hundred years hence. They will still have their old modes of worship, they will still sing for money, they will still rush madly up and down church aisles with their offerings, and they will still continue to hold their social gatherings after divine services in the church. But we love the church with all its faults. Its influence subdues the world.

In summing up, let us not overlook the club. It has also become a part of us. It is here to stay. It is a potent factor. A well filled library would be a proper adjunct to the club, and we have been informed that steps will be taken in that direction.

Cupid has played well his part, but not altogether wise. Properly speaking he will always add to the world's quota of misery and woe. "Don't Care if he Never Comes Back," is sung with much gusto by several once blitheful maidens.

We wish our friend and foe a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

ALLEN CHAPEL NOTES.

Mrs. Cornelia Jones is on the sick list.

Mrs. Lizzie Venable and Miss Golden Jones are out again after several week's illness.

Rev Woodson, D. D, preached two excellent sermons last Sunday.

Miss Esther Smith left last Thursday morning for her home in Vincennes.

Prof. Woodson was the guest of Rev. Murray while in the city.

Notwithstanding the inclement weather last Monday quite a number attended the Missionary society. The solos by Misses Lottie Brewer and Esther Smith and select reading by Mrs. Florence Smith were well received.

Mrs. Wm. Wayne and Miss Lulu Smith of Charlestown will be the guests of Mrs. Ora King during the holidays.

Miss Hattie Hill of Anderson will be with us during the week of the Mid-Winter Fair She will be the guest of Mrs. A. L. Murray.

Miss Jennie Hunter of Greencastle, is visiting her brother, Dixon Hunter, in Mill street.

The Twentieth Century Literary Club held quite an interesting meeting last Wednesday evening. Too much cannot be said of the president, Miss Ella Sanders who is doing all in her power to make the society a success. We trust the young people will take an active part, and assist her in this noble work. The following is the program: Song, society; invocation, Rev. Murray; trombone solo, Rufus Turner; solo, Miss Ella Sanders; select reading, Prof. Sneed; address, Rev. Bushell; cornet solo, Simon Smith; recitation, Rev Seymour; solo, Mrs. Nellie Smith; solo, Rev. Seymour.

Sunday, Dec. 26, Christmas exercises, Christmas sermon and special music by the choir under the directorship of Prof. Chas. Green. 7:45 p. m., Christmas sacred concert by the chorus of forty voices supported by local and foreign talent, best in the country. Everyone should avail themselves of these opportunities. You are invited.

Tuxedo Concert.

The Fourth Annual Concert given by the Tuxedo Club will be held at the Ninth Presbyterian church Monday evening Jan. 10 1898 Admission 15c.

Grand Promenade!

St. John Lodge U B. of F. and Western Star Temple S. M. T. will give a luncheon and musical promenade Friday evening, Dec 24 at Old Fellow's Hall, Indiana avenue. Admission 25c.

Candies! Candies!

For fine chocolates, candies, bon bons, etc., don't fail to visit the Chicago Candy Kitchen, 94 North Illinois street where the most select assortment of candies are to be found in this city.

Notice! Notice!

Lulu Haddex Davidson, will open a night school at her home, the first of January. Those of her expectant pupils, wishing further information, call on Tuesday, Wednesday or Friday afternoon. Lulu H. Davidson, 418 W, Tweith St. (New No.)

Flanner and Buchanan, the leading funeral directors, 172 North Illinois street (new number 320) between New York and Vermont. Best service. Fair prices.

In Loving Remembrance.

In loving remembrance of Conrad Burley who died Dec. 27 1895:

Dearest father thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God who has bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

His loving wife and daughter,
SARAH AND BESSIE BURLEY.

YOUR WORD FOR IT

Say you want samples—of anything that can be sampled and within five minutes of the receipt of your letter we'll be serving you. The best Dress Goods in the world—prices that court comparison.

L. S. AYRES & CO.,
Indianapolis, Indiana

Special Holiday Sale of
Pianos and Organs
At Factory Prices.

Do you know what this means? IT MEANS THAT WE SAVE YOU ONE PROFIT.

CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.

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143, 145 and 147 N. Pennsylvania St.

Holiday . . . Umbrellas . .

EARLY BUYERS

ARE INVITED TO INSPECT THE BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT NOW READY.

—It is by far—

The Largest and Daintiest we have ever shown.

If you are not quite ready to make a purchase you are at liberty to make selections for delivery at any time you may elect, by making part payment.

ALL UMBRELLAS AND CANES ENGRAVED FREE OF CHARGE.

ORIGINAL 23 HAT STORE 23 W. WASH. ST.
W. E. KLEINSMITH.

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Fine Fur GLOVES . .

Make excellent presents. Our prices start as low as $2.25 a pair.

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10 East Washington St. (Est. 1878).

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F. L Herrington
139 E. Market St.

Best Lamp in the market.

Complete, 85c. 10c add. put up

Mantels, 25c. and 30c.

Christmas Presents

Ours is the most Complete line of . . .

Fine Lamps,
Dinner Sets,
Chamber Sets,

in the city. Just the thing for a Present.

HOLIDAY GOODS

in endless variety, such as Fine Plates, Cups and Saucers, Salads China Clocks, Vases, Chop Plates and Water sets. Give us a call.

CHINA FOR RENT for RECEPTIONS.

F. P. SMITH & CO
45 North Illinois St.,
15 W. Market St.

CHICAGO SHOE COMPANY.
New 120 E. Washington street.

A Few Rubber Prices

TO KEEP US BUSY NEXT WEEK.

Women's Footholds,	9c.
Men's Footholds	10c.
Men's Clogs,	25c.
Women's Croquetts,	25c.
Women's Alaskas,	49c.
Men's Alaskas,	49c.

Remember money cheerfully refunded if goods does not please.

CHICAGO SHOE COMPANY
New No. 120 E. Washington St.

JOSEPH H. WARD,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
RESIDENCE AND OFFICE:
72 1-2 Indiana Avenue.
Telephone 1794.

OFFICE HOURS:
8 to 10 a. m.
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Our Holiday Number--Part 2

The Freeman

And Ethiopia Shall Stretch Forth Her Hand

A National Illustrated Colored Newspaper

VOLUME 9
NUMBER 51.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.
SINGLE COPY, 6 MONTHS, 85 CENTS; 1 YEAR, $1 50.

A NEGRO NATIONAL PARTY.

Shall There be One? Will it not be a Race Hindrance?

THE NEGRO'S CONDITION TO-DAY.

The Present Administration Severely Handled—The Negro Must Arouse Himself to Facts and Figures.

BY C. H. J. TAYLOR, ATLANTA, GA.

After years of earnest deliberation I am prepared to answer the question: Shall there be a Negro National party? The decision reached can be sustained by common sense argument which must carry conviction as to the soundness of my position to every National minded-man. The captious critic and the sober-minded thinker are alike invited to an earnest consideration of these views. There is no other side to the position taken. The truthful observer knows that in many respects before the law the Negro is in a worse condition to-day than he was in the days of Grant. By "before the law" is meant the operation of the law rather than the letter of the law. The tendency is to shut the Negro out of places of authority in connection with the courts of justice instead of to let him in. The truthful observer knows that industries throughout the country are gradually getting out of the hands of the black man, and that very soon he will not be a necessity in any part of any state in this republic. The truthful observer knows that in the world of mind the black man is not making the showing he ought to make when Banneker, Aldrich, and coming down later, Crummell, Williams and Simmons are considered.

The man is not complete with only the head and body. He must also have the lower limbs. So, in being a useful and finished citizen, he must have free opportunity to work at any lawful occupation that will provide him with the necessaries of life; free opportunity to cultivate his mind to the fullest extent, and finally, as well as during this period, free opportunity to engage in government on an equal footing with any other man without reference being made to the color of his skin or texture of his hair. Can this come to the Negro without a National Negro party? Seriously I think not. We will always—that is for the next quarter of a century be given ten or a dozen somewhat presidential appointments. All of them will not amount in the true sense of the word to one distinct sentiment making position.

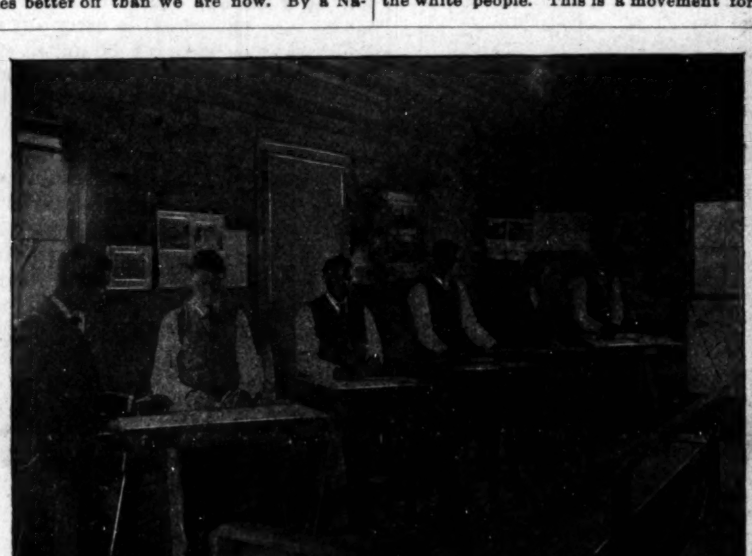
Cringing fools and ignorant liars have sent broadcast to the world that Mr. McKinley has named more than one hundred and ninety Negroes to positions since his induction into office. A most outrageous lie, and yet a number of our brave (?) Negro editors have sent out the shameful falsehood, fearing to call it by its name, would deny them a chance to get to the "crib." Mr. McKinley, like all the rest of the Republican presidents except Grant, has done nothing, especially when the support of the colored voters are considered. Yes, he has done one thing: He has given his black allies to understand that he is in line with other Republican presidents in not staying awake at night to see what shall become of the Negroes.

Again, as is Republican custom, the Negroes most deserving are the ones left in the cold. This particular administration from start to now has appointed Negroes only when white men recommended them, leaving the black voters still without representation. Is this clear to you? If white men are to cause the appointment of white men and also to control the appointment of Negroes where does the Negro as a political power come in? It is better to be Hanna's barber, Sewall's waiter, Platt' coachman or Bradley's lackey than to be president of the largest Negro club or Bishop in the greatest black denomination if you want an appointment. What a spectacle! Douglass, Garnett, Ruffin and Elliott see to what thy sons have come. The little poppin-jays through the country will jump into me because I want to butter their bread, because I want a better condition of things for them. I am not asking Negroes to be Democrats or to be Populists. All I desire is that they shall intelligently use their ballots. Tanner and his disciples with all their paintings cannot crucify race prejudice. Dunbars by the regiment will only be truly appreciated when they are making fun of their old mothers and old fathers in their verses. Turner and his army threatening to leave the country for Africa will not wipe out the discriminating establishments in this country. Young Lutie Lyles by the millions, of the race going to the "bar" will increase instead of diminish prejudice at least for the next twenty years. Booker T. Washington may turn out car loads of skilled workmen, but they will roam around idle. There is no law to make a man hire you if he does not desire to do so. White laborers are associated together and they demand the non-hiring of Negroes that settles it so far as the boy with the Washington diploma is concerned. The thinkers are called upon to carefully consider these statemen s. You are begged to do so without bias or prejudice. To my mind it is not clear how you can disagree with me. I am not talking to the John Durham class of Negroes. I am not talking to the veiled class who go around playing Negro only when they can get a job by so doing. I am addressing myself to those persons who love their mothers and are not found shortening their lives trying to bleach out of the race and trying to get straight hair. The only way out of the present condition is plain. No one need make a mistake. Let a Negro national party be brought into existence It is not a division of the Negro vote that is necessary. Many have contended for this as the best way to say, stop blindly voting the Republican ticket. What we want is an intelligent exercise of the right of suffrage instead of a division of our votes. Minorities never want to divide—minorities should intelligently act together.

We need a Negro party in the United States; we need it in every state in the Union and we need it in every county where we have more than twenty-five votes. We must be together all along the line. Some Negro is ready to jump up and talk about drawing the color line and thus prove that he is incapable of thinking not to see that it is now drawn. If we were thus united into a party with a chairman, secretary and enrollment there is no question but what we would be a thousand times better off than we are now. By a National Negro party, I do not mean to say that necessarily we would run a presidential ticket. It would depend entirely upon the condition then confronting us. Suppose we could get every Negro bishop, Negro preacher and every Negro professional man to subscribe to this idea in good faith It would work a miracle in our favor in this country in five years. In order for such a party to succeed it must begin in the state When five, seven or nine states have fallen into line at once call a National convention, not of the public, but made up regularly from members of the Negro party in the several states. Let it be known that our convention in a state to make a ticket for our people to vote will convene after the other political parties are through and that if there be a party in the field whose platform and candidates please us, we will support that party. Let it be understood that we have no desire to run this country nor to control the government; that our only fight is for equal rights to all and special privileges to none. Let it be understood that in no county, in no state, nor nationally will we nominate a ticket if reasonable recognition is given to our just demands Then emphatically let it be understood that the ticket nominated, while soliciting votes for its election is before the people more as an honest and christian protest against cruel and wicked treatment than anything else

Such a party in this country made up of Negroes, the leaders of which are intelligent and moral would in ten years wipe out every Jim Crow car law and every convict lease system in the United States. Such a party would bring about reforms in this country such as I dare not publish in a paper so widely read as The Freeman. At the outset this party to succeed must in a large part have its membership composed of workingmen—individuals who earn their living by labor in the shops, the mills, on the farms, at the forge, with the plane, in the school room, in the pulpit, making and prescribing pills or examining titles. In other words the man whose only dollar is made as a curb-stone politician will be a drawback rather than a help to this movement.

Do we want a better time in this country? Are we anxious to have all men treated alike? Do we want to go on as now being treated as a class to our hurt instead of treated as a class to our benefit? Conventions remember Armenians because the Jews vote and do so intelligently. Every one knows why Ireland is always remembered. Let us come together and form a National Negro party. Let the membership be tax-payers and each one, if possible, able to read and write. Certainly we will guard well the interest of the non-descript class of our brethren who are unable to read and write and who pay no taxes, but in the Negro National party; while we would expect this class to vote with us it could not act in the councils of the party. Correspondence on this subject is respectfully invited. We are not organizing against anybody; this is no movement against the white people. This is a movement for all the people who love justice and hate wrong. Write on the subject.



MECHANICAL DRAWINC AT NOKMAL.

COOKING CLASS AT NORMAL.

A CITY OF INDUSTRY

Surrounded by a Picturesque Landscape is the Agricultural and Mechanical College for Negroes.

BY CHARLES ALEXANDER, NORMAL, ALA.

To those readers of The Freeman who live in the North and Northwest; who never have occasion to travel further South than the District of Columbia, an accurate description of the balmy climate of the state of Alabama, with its fertile soil; its magnificent hills and its immense wealth of mineral deposits, would sound like a fairy tale. Still it is an indisputable fact that the varied resources of this state are far greater than is generally admitted, even by those persons who have settled on its rich and beautiful lands and who have seen the results of their labor exerted thereon. Every product known to the temperate zone is raised within the borders of the state.

At the foot of the Cumberland mountains, nearly fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea at Normal, in the state of Alabama, is located the Agricultural and Mechanical College for Negroes. W. H Councill, Ph. D President and founder, surrounded by the most interesting and picturesque landscape imaginable.

During the days of slavery this site was known as Green Bottom Inn and Connely Race Track. Its history is as old and romantic as the history of the state

The aim of this institution is to give both theoretical and practical instruction in agriculture, the mechanic arts, natural and economic science, English grammar and the various branches of mathematics. The work in all the industrial departments is especially emphasized by Prof. Councill, who believes that the Negro must learn to support himself by his own labors if he would aspire for that self respect which is due honest and industrious citizens only. There are a great number of young men and women in the agricultural department who are striving to become first-class scientific farmers; many of of them have learned that all true wealth is produced by labor exerted on the soil, and they are putting forth an effort to fit themselves to perform that labor.

All the work in and about the grounds of this great Institution, is performed by the students; building, repairing, black-smithing, wheel-wrighting, broom-making, printing, shoe-making, farming, cooking, dining room and general house work, all is performed by the students, for which labor they receive from four to fifteen cents per hour. It will be seen that great advantage is offered to the young men and young women of the race who are seeking industrial and literary education.

The land controlled by the school numbers about two hundred acres and the annual income amounts to more than thirty-five thousand dollars. Normal is a veritable city on a hill. The hum of machinery and the rolling from the smoke stacks, which tower over the workshops, of great clouds of black vapor during the day, and the gleaming lights at night tells stranger as he approaches the beautiful college, that he is approaching an industrious little city.

The four hundred young men and women who have graduated from this institution testify to the splendid discipline and strict christian training received. Each of the Industrial departments is presided over by a skilled mechanic.

Singular to say the trustees or commissioners of the agricultural and mechanical College were all once slave holders and commissioned officers in the confederate army. With the mutations of time what great changes come to pass.

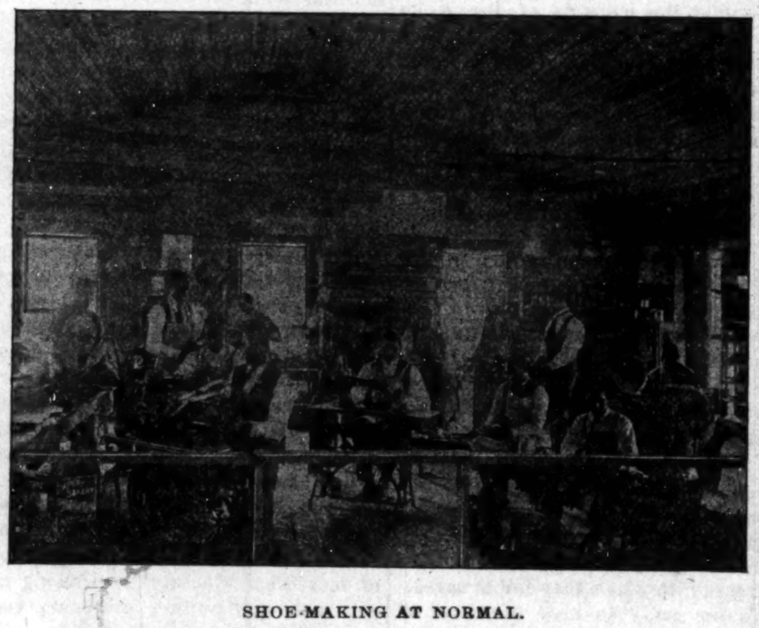
Prof. W H. Councill is doing a grand and noble work for the Negro in the state of Alabama; not only for the state of Alabama, but for the Negro in the United States. He is a splendid specimen of noble manhood. He is a philosopher of the deepest and most profound kind. His advice to the students inspires them with lofty aspirations. Notwithstanding the fact many of the students are able to pay their way, he finds it necessary to help them in many ways. He is constantly making sacrifices for the good of the race, and I am sure that his great service is appreciated by all who know him.

There are over twenty teachers at Normal and their examples set before the students are worthy of emulation.

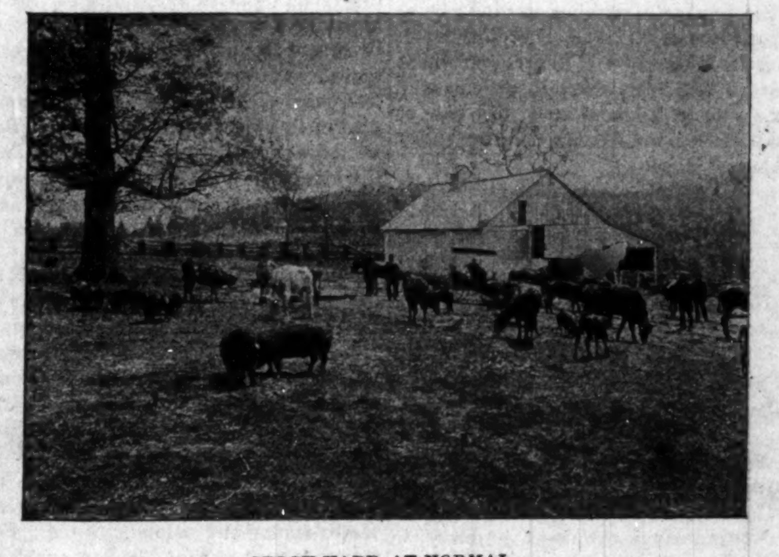
* * * * * *

Having carefully observed the social evolution of the Negro in New England and the Middle States within the past ten years; Having studied all the phases of that evolution, and especially as it relates to the white man; realizing that the struggle for bread is becoming greater with each year; that he is supplanted by the foreign servant in nearly all those advocations in which he formally enjoyed an unchalenged monoply, I had, I confess, become melancholly, depressed a pessimist. I could only see the dark side of the Negroe's life. All I could do in my occasional contributions to the public press was to lift the vice-concealed curtain of the Negro's social life and point out with torturing detail the revolting picture of his approaching misery—point out the hopeless pit of infamy and despair into which he must ultimately fall, if the change of situation continues with the same alarming gravity. While I have held tenaciously to the opinion that the Negro would finally measure arms with the white man in the solving of the many problems of our civilization, I cannot see that he will be able to do this in the North, where the unequal rivalry and stress is too great for his undeveloped powers.

The South is the domain of the American Negro. In the South will he develop his powers to the fullest extent. My pessimism did not vanish until I reached Alabama where I met with many evidences of the future possibilties of the race.



SHOE-MAKING AT NORMAL.



STOCK YARD AT NORMAL.

IN THE SUNLIGHT

Of the Nineteenth Century—We will Sing "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."

LIZZIE C. WILLIAMS, GREENVILLE, MISS.

A few years ago when the dark clouds were hanging heavily over the Negro's sky in the Southern land and I believing that in the North and in the East as well as towards the setting sun, for my people all was well that first class hotels were opened to them, in my imagination I saw numbers of my people turning their backs on the South bidding farewell to the white cotton fields and golden corn, to the prosperity of the towns and the songs of the birds that had been held dear, and as I watched them journeying to a better land my pen wrote these lines.

Southern land we can but love thee—
Can but feel thou art our home,
Not one moment would we grieve you
Neither lease thy soil to roam

We would not leave thy rippling waters
Would not leave thy verdant hills,
But would linger in thy borders
And thy banks with treasues fill.

Land, Oh! Land where once our mother
Wept in silence, prayed in tears.
Land where oft our bondaged fathers
Toiled in pain and died of fears.

Our ancestors here are sleeping,
Underneath your dark, rich soil,
Or, on hills where rocks are peeping,
Rest thee now from earthly toil.

Continued on Fourth Page—Part 2nd.

THE GROWING REFINEMENT

Of the Negro Brings a Sensitive ness Only Possessed by

REFINED AND EDUCATED PEOPLE

An Estrangement is Growing—What is the Omen? Sound Philosophizing is Demanded.

PROF. W. S. SCARBOROUGH, WILBERFORCE, O.

Our magazines and papers are deluged as a rule with articles of every sort upon the Negro question—articles varying from the most thoughtful to the most silly and absurd—articles upon the Negro in all the possible relations that he can sustain to the government and country of which he forms a part. All phases of his life and character—past, present and future—his possibilities receive discussion at the hands of the most flippant penny-a-liners as well as those of the gravest thinkers. Most assuredly he has become a very important element in this our great American autonomy. Yet, after all, the white man does not know the Negro. Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact—the Northern white man after thirty years of close observation, and the Southern white man for all the years up to that period, do not fully comprehend him. The observation of either only leaves the Negro largely an unknown quantity to both. There is a life that the white man knows nothing of. It is found in the hovel and in the cultured home, in the school and the church. It is a life in the bud-time of a race pride and race prejudice, and it is swelling to the blossoming. What will be the fruit?

To know the race, one must do more than casually visit here and there; must see more even than a close examination of the schools and churches, instructed, supported or aided by white philanthropists, will disclose. The toadies, the servile ones, the politicians, the dependent ones—all must be passed by and the people found. To know the Negro one must be with him, and of him, and see what he is doing and above all what he is thinking. Go into the schools and churches where there is not a shadow of white influence to check freedom of speech or thought and what do you hear? In every case you will find those from the oldest to the youngest with some ideas upon the race question and ready to express them. Not so with white children. They are not thinking about the color of their skin or the texture of their hair, their rights and privileges or the deprivation of them, the contempt and ostracism following them everywhere, but the colored child of every shade has these almost constantly in mind. In such schools, in such communities, in the field work, in the social gathering, in the literary society, the routine of school or church work, the platform—all are tinctured deep with these ideas which find expression upon every possible occasion. To the Negro race, all these race questions are in a large degree, as far as interest is concerned at least, what socialism is to the socialist, anarchism to the anarchist and nihilism to the nihilist—the momentous ever present, ever burning topic.

No youth of the white race feel the weight of any subject agitating the minds of the public as these colored youths feel this one. What is the omen, when boys and girls alike make it a common question in some form or other, in all their daily work? Let the reader pause and think—let him not treat the subject lightly. It is a grave question and demands grave thought. It has been said that the two races are growing apart—that there is as much race prejudice in one as in the other. In many respects this is true, though the prejudice on the part of the Negro is a thing of growth from certain causes, not an inherent quality. The fact that the Negro is rising without adequate recognition—at least other than patronizing recognition is one of these causes.

As here and there the Negro comes to the white man's level among the best, he is confronted with that "Ah, you here" air, which means more than words can tell; and he straitway feels his pulse stirred to the defensive by a counter spirit of "I-am-and-what-are-you-going-to-do-about-it"—and the two mutually withdraw a few paces from each other. Among the middle classes, where the level of the whites intellectually and financially is more rapidly being reached by a greater number of the race, there is still more prejudice engenered. It is only following out the idea of the French writer who says, "mediocrity alone is jealous." The constant desire upon the part of the whites to rise to the highest level aggravates these upon seeing the Negro reaching for or attaing, in any way, that which they have not and they "take it out" by greater assumption of superiority especially over those who have reached their plane of life and who have become or may become their formidiable competitors; and again there is the creation counter prejudice.

Growing refinement of the Negro brings with it all that sentiveness which is accorded to refined people wherever found; and he naturally recoils from rebuff, insults

Continued on Fourth Page—Part 2nd.

WHAT AFRO-AMERICAN

Leaders Should Do—Where They Should Place Themselves and How—The Taxation System.

BY FRANCIS HERBET WARREN.

Ever since Abraham Lincoln signed his Proclamation Emancipating the salves the Negroes of America have been for the most part republican, that they have shown a wonderful fidelity to their republican friends, real or supposed cannot be gainsaid, and but for their support in several of the states where they hold the balance of the power like Ohio, Indiana and Illinois it is doubtful if republican success could so often be obtained. Nor do I depreciate this state of affairs in itself, but I do think it is high time that the leaders of our race were bestiring themselves to obtain some substantial benefits for the race as a whole, instead of using the power of our vote to plant themselves in some lucrative office or to gain popular favor among their white coadjutor. What is true of our political leaders, is true of our educational leaders, their judgement upon matters economic has been warped in their attempt to have them coincide with popular republican doctrine, such as protection to American industries etc. Prominent among this last class of our leaders is Booker T. Washington, who for several years and as recently Feb. as 14th, last, he repeatedly told us of the almost hopeless and servile condition of the Negro in the Gulf States, and that they were cheated and robbed by the shop-keepers and landlords of that section with impunity, yet he recently tells us in Indianapolis, that "they even earn enough money to support, educate and church themseves, and yet they need college graduates sent among them, to teach them how to get along without whiskey and cheap jewelry."

Men who have given the matter attention know that the condition of the Negro tenants of the South are little or no better off than they were in slavery, and in the words of W. H. Pepper, the Negro is yet a slave, and with him is his white brother, who ap-

FRANCIS HERBET WARREN.

peared upon the scene to late to grab a share of the land. They are alike, slaves to the lords of the land. But Mr. Washington quotes examples though somewhat ambiguous, I give it. He says "One of our Tuskegee graduates entered one of these plantations eight years ago, where the people were in debt. * * *" Now I can show you in the same community, men out of debt, owning their own farms etc. Think of it reader, from his own logic, these successful men (he does not say how many) must have not only deprived themselves of "whiskey and cheap jewelry," but also of much of their own "living, school and church" money for eight long years: that they may pay a price for the very land, the value of which, their labor and their ancestor's labor, had enhanced for nearly three hundred years.

Mr. Washington in this same address came nearer the mark when he said that "trade commerce is fast bringing the North and South together, and this force will bring the white man and black man together in the South wherever there is entrangment. That is right, commerce is the one great civilizer of the human race and for this purpose alone, I believe it should be entirely free and unlimited but just how far mere education will bring commerce to the point of eliminating race predjude we will presently see.

If as Mr. Washington says, all that is required to promote commerce and thereby make the Southern Negro prosperous; is to send among them educated men, why then are not all white communities prosperous? Are there not educated men and examples of prosperous men in every community in America? Is is not a fact that where you find the most in numbers of such examples you also find the most poverty? Look at the city of Chicago with her thousands of examples of thrift and among them many black men, and witness her fifty thousand of starving humanity. Note if you will, how England sent her "examples of thrift," and "educated men," to India, where they had always had plenty prior to their advent and now witness the distress and poverty that envelope her masses.

Now Mr. Washington, you may send your graduates among the poor Negroes, and they will perhaps, do themselves proud, but if you don't watch them they will form themselves into a Negro aristocracy and take the same advantage over the people you send them to teach, that white men of the same class do over their fellows.

Again Mr. Washington says the mere fiat of law cannot remedy these matters and "make men independent." I contend that the law can secure to men all their abstract rights, and through them cause us to be not only independent, but civilized and sociable beings. That our physical welfare is not a question of education, but that, it is a question of taxation, and that as a question of taxation the so-called race problem is subject to the mathematical deduction, and further that a just system of taxation will secure what Mr. Washington properly asks for, viz, "a more vital and practical connection between the Negroe's educated brain and his opportunity for earning a living Such a system of taxation is the only method by which not only the Negro but the white man also will be permitted to enjoy full and equal opportunity to earn a living from nature's great store house, mother earth; That once such a system of taxation becomes a law and unvoluntary poverty thereby abolished, then, and not until then, will "the problem as between the races work itself out," "and with trade commere bring them together."

Again, Mr. Washington makes the same mistake that most of our leading men make, to wit, that slavery is reponsible for our present condition of ignorance and poverty, this may be so in a measure but, in my mind a very small measure, and it is high time that the educated men having the welfare of the race at heart, dig down to the root of evils that beset us.

At the close of the war every Negro in America was sufficiently civilized and learned to earn a living from God's bounty to man were they permitted so to do, all had been taught to labor in one compacity or another from the time they landed from Africa, and were on the whole, more civilized than many of their masters. Mr. Washington himself says that "nearly every large plantation was before the war an industrial school," and further admits that a fatal competition for an opportunity to labor as between the races is driving the Negro to the wall." I am no enemy of education, indeed I am proud of our Negro institutions of learning and the good they are doing, but I am firmly convinced that mere school education will never secure to men their rights to a free and independent living, if every person in the country was a college graduate they would all be in the same relative position as it not one of them could read or write. But the perplexing race question together with most other social questions can be righted, let the pernicious tax law of the country be changed so as to relieve all industry from the burdens of taxation and let the Government draw upon that fund created by the whole people, land values, and the thing is an accomplished fact. As Henry George says, this need not be done at once but let this principle of taxation be applied year after year until the climax of its perfection is reached, and its beneficient effects would be felt from its very inception.

Many of the leaders among the colored people, and especially Booker T. Washington, have been approached with this subject repeatedly, but with two or three exceptions, have failed to lend an ear to the beauties of the doctrine. They should place themselves in a position to urge something of this nature upon the party of their adoption when it is in power, and if the Government has no land with which to provide the ex-slaves with homesteads they can at least cause homesteads to be more easily obtained.

NEVER.

Never wear jewels with a tailor-made gown.

‡ ‡ ‡

Never wear jewelery of any descrition when traveling.

‡ ‡ ‡

Never wear showy-looking ornaments with mourning.

‡ ‡ ‡

Never wear an article of jewelery if it has begun to tarnish, or from which a stone is missing.

‡ ‡ ‡

Never wear diffierent kinds of stones at the same time, except in rings, and then only with tasteful discretion.

‡ ‡ ‡

Never wear a lavish display of jewels in the public dinning room of a hotel.

⁂

Never wear rings unless the hands are white and soft, finger-nails well kept and beyond reproach with regard to cleanliness.

⁂

Mever wear jewelery that is dull and uncleanly.

⁂

And never, above all, be guilty of sitting in a street car or other public conveyance with gloveless hands adorned with rings!

THE UNWRITTEN LAW

Its First Appearance—The Ku-Klux-Klans—The Blackness of Whose Crimes Spread Consternation.

BY P. B. S. PINCHBACK.

In the old slavery days in every state in the Union, where the "peculiar institution" existed, there was an unwritten law more inexorable than the laws on the statute books, which imposed the penalty of death on any colored man who dared to strike a white man. It mattered not what the circumstances, how great the provocation or justifiable the cause, it was death to a Negro to strike a white man. Everybody in those Godforsaken communities familiar with the fact and the Negro who disregarded it, rarely failed to pay the awful penalty.

This terrible unwritten law enabled the white man in the slave states not only to keep their slaves in subjection, but to impress upon every Negro in their communities, bond or free, a whole ome dread of the white race, and consequently complete subjugation.

After reading recently an account of a lynching in one of the Southern states, which was characterized by great ferocity and barbarity, I came to the conclusion that a deeper motive inspired these shameful and terrible performances than the punishment of the alleged criminals. Manifestly it is the purpose of the perpetrators of the atrocities to re-establish the unwritten law and thus terrorize and subjugate the colored people in their midst. There cannot be any other explanation of these monstrous crimes They are at variance with the general characteristics of the white men of the South, whose bravery was attested on hundreds of battle fields in the war of the rebellion. In other words I do not believe that brave men would commit such cowardly and shocking crimes solely to punish criminals, who could not escape punishment by law. If I am right in my suspicions, the question which addresses itself to the colored race, is, will they succeed?

It is said that the continual dropping of water will wear the stone. Ever since emancipation the colored people in the South have been subjected to the most fearful terroism. It made its first appearance in the terrible Ku-Klux-Klans. These frightful organizations disgraced by mask and fantastic attire, committed its crimes in the blackness of night; it whipped, murdered and spread consternation among our helpless people. It ran its course, accomplished its object and disappeared. But with the recuperative power so wonderfully developed in the colored race, it soon disclosed signs of recovery and some other means must be employed to bring them into subjection again.

This time the terrifier appeared in open day, under the peculiar name of Bulldozer, armed with Winchester rifles, ready and willing to burn and murder, or any other crime necessary for the accomplishment of the dastardly purpose. It is needless for me to enter into the details of the operations of this monstrous organization. Like its predecessor, it created havoc and spread terror among the colored people. For a time it seemed as if the last spark of manhood had been crushed out of them, but after a short lapse of time they showed signs of courage and returning manhood and something more must be done to complete their coercion. What more can be done? Whipping, maiming, murdering and wholesale assassination seems to have failed. It was a momentous question; but the enemies of the race were equal to the emergency. Lynching, lynching, is the thing, and in a remarkable short time this bloody industry was in full operation. To seemingly justify it at home and palliate it abroad, the docile, effectionate and peaceful Negro of yesterday, was transformed into a demon of blackest dye and charged with committing the most hideous offense known to man.

The Ku-Klux-Klans, the Bulldozer, and kindred organizations, who have been engaged in the work of coercing and unmaning the colored man in the South, were content with the fearful object lessons, which they presented to the race in the wholesale slaughter of their brethren, but not so with the lynchers. The brutal and barbarous disposition they make of their victims is not enough; their characters must be blackened and their alleged crimes painted in such horrible colors, as to poison the public opinion of the country against the entire race and arouse the most bitter and malignant race prejudice among the whites all over the country. In my opinion the recent appearance of race prejudice in several unexpected places is traceable directly to this cause.

Whether the lynchers will succeed any better than their predecessors in re-establishing the "Unwritten Law" and holding in subjection the colored men in the South, remains to be seen. But there is not a shadow of a doubt that they have already inflicted greater and more lasting injury to the race in the country at large than all the other forces that have operated against them since their enfranchisement.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be bated, needs but to be seen,
Yet seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

THE FUNCTION OF A TRULY

Race Paper—The Afro-American Press of To-day and Yesterday—Timely Hints and Wise Suggestions.

BY CHAS. R. DOUGLASS, WASHINGTON D. C.

Are the colored people, as a distinctive class of American citizens, in need of what is called a Race Journal? Is such a paper necessary to our advancement, and if so, how should it be conducted? We have many papers edited and published by colored men, but very few of them can properly be called race papers. They are not supported by the race, neither do they support the race.

I believe that the race is more in need of race journals in this country today, than at any other period of our existence here. We need journals, not to reproduce state matter from the white press, but fresh original matter from the pens of colored men and women. We want journals ready to meet and refute slanders that are daily brought against us through the columns of the white press, and to have such journals, they must be supported by the race in whose behalf they are published---else they cannot be truly and effectively race papers. A negro paper that has to depend for existence upon the white merchants of the town or city in which it is published, is handicapped from being of any value to the race.

It dare not speak out for fear of loss of advertisements and support from the whites.

Nearly every paper you pick up, that is published by colored men, is called a race paper, but when you glance over it, you find two-thirds of its matter from the brains and pens of white men.

You look into the editorial columns and you find nothing of value to the race. Negro journals as a rule are engaged mainly in mud-slinging at each other or at some prominent member of the race, with whom they fail to agree.

We are sadly in need of organs all over the South to keep the country informed as to our progress in that section, and also to write down and frown down all the prevailing nuisances and stumbling blocks that menace the advancement of the race. in that section. Such as colonization schemes, excursions, too much church building, and too little factory building. The race in the South spend too much money in unnecessary railroad travel---enriching railroad companies that fail to appreciate their patronage. It is the function of a race journal in those localities to cry out and keep crying out against these extravagences of the race. They should be on the alert and ever ready to correct all false impressions regarding our attitude upon public questions that are misrepresented to the public by a prejudiced white press. They should expose and keep on exposing to the world the persecutions that are heaped upon us by those who would give us a bad name in society in order to keep us under foot, politically and otherwise They should not fear to criticise the ministry for their lukewarmness, by winking at, or closing their eyes entirely to crime among their flock. They preach too much "Glory hallelujah" and too little about how their people should live, and they should be told of it through the columns of our race journals.

United action, more than all the other efforts combined of the race, for proper political recognition, is what our race journals should instil into the minds of our people as the one thing needful to insure success. We indulge in too many threats in our papers, of what we will do when our claims are ignored, but we are powerless to carry any of them into effect for want of united action. This secret of the power of our political and social enemies, should be taught through our race journals.

The Negro press prior to the war of the rebellion, wielded a larger influence among the whites (for in those days the white readers of negro journals outnumbered the colored) than the entire Negro press of to-day. Then the Negro press, though small in number, discussed public questions such as the Fugitive slave bill, the extension and abolition of slavery, etc.—questions of vital importance to the race. There was no room in the race papers of that day for mud-slinging at each other. They were united for the good of the cause, and they were eagerly read by the whites, as well as the blacks, and their power and influence were often felt in Congressional legislation.

How well I remember during the Anti-Slavery agitation, and I was employed in my father's office once a week to fold "Frederick Douglass' Paper," how careful I had to be in folding and mailing every week, from two hundred to two hundred and fifty numbers of the paper to be placed on the desk of every Senator and member of Congress. It was calculated at least two-thirds of these papers would be flung into the waste basket accompanied with an oath, but it was also calculated that many of them would be read. Some of them even found their way into the homes of prominent Southern slaveholders, and occasionally some brave Northern Senator like Wade of Ohio, or Lovejoy in the House, would quote from their columns in their speeches against the slave power. Such journals were race journals. They were published at a pecuniary loss to the publisher he had to labor in other fields to keep the paper alive, and to furnish hundreds of copies gratis where they would do the most good. From four to five hundred went to Europe each week to the English press and elsewhere. There are but precious few of our papers of to-day that I would like to see on the desks of our Senators and Congressmen—they would do us more harm than good—filled as they are with personalities, petty jealousies and the like, toward each other and towards members of the race. Our race papers have increased in numbers, but lessened in power and influence. They are devoted too much to the discussion of men and too little to the discussion of measures. Continually praising up one man and pulling down another, never united in the support of any one man nor measure.

HON. P. B. S. PINCHBACK,
Washington, D. C.—See Article "The Unwritten Law."

JESTS.

Financial news note—Stockings will go up pretty soon.

❙ ❙ ❙

Even a poor ball player can catch a cold this kind of weather.

❙ ❙ ❙

Two "don'ts" for fair shoppers—Neckties and cigars for your husbands.

❙ ❙ ❙

Customer—"Here. waiter, bring me some milk." "Waiter—Condensed?" Customer—"No: the udder kind."

❙ ❙ ❙

"When a woman finds an old feather." says the Manayunk Philosopher "her economic soul prompts her to buy $10 worth of other trimmings to build a hat around it.

REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD

Buy PIANOS

—AT—

WULSCHNERS,

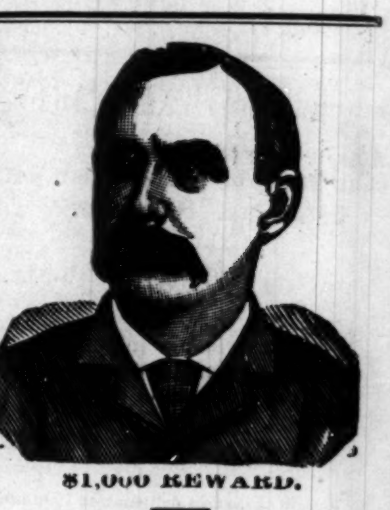
1. Good Quality and Fine Tone is our first consideration.
2. Our prices are the very lowest in the city, quality considered, notwithstanding claims of others. and our terms reasonable.
3. Our 20 years' experience enables us to select and buy the best makes in each grade.
4. Our stock is composed almost entirely of old established makes in all of the Grades, in buying which you avoid any possibility of that risk which is unavoidable in buying experimental productions of new manufacturers.

Call and see our large assortment of Knabe, Vose and other well-kown makes.

WULSCHNER & SON

78 and 80 N. Pennsylvania Street.

Manufacturers of the "REGAL," the finest Guitars and Mandolins made.



$1,000 REWARD.

DR. SHEA MARVELOUS MEDIUM.

Gives the names of dead and living friends tells who and when you will marry, also of business journeys, lawsuits, absent friends, health or anything you wish to know no matter what it is. He can call up your spirit friends and show them to you. Can make them rap all around the room. He asks no questions, don't ask you to write names for him. Don't try to pump you in any way, but tells you right off. He is thoroughly endorsed by leading spiritualists everywhere, received from them a gold medal and special license to practice his wonderful powers; credentials no one else can show, can give thousands of reference to both white and colored patrons. Twenty-five years' practice—seven in Brooklyn—will show you that he can do all he tells of. Can tell what business is best for you and where, how to win speedy marriage with the one you love. How to be successful in all your doings, in short, what is best to do. He succeeds when all others fail. Positive satisfaction or no pay. Call and see. You will find it lucky to consult this Christian gentleman. He has a medicine that will cure drunkenness, can be given patients not knowing it. Thousands through him are now

RICH, HAPPY AND SUCCESSFUL

with all their undertakings, while those who neglect his advice are still laboring against poverty. Through his perfect knowledge of chemistry he can impart to you a secret that will overcome your enemies and win you friends. His aid and advice has often been solicted; the result has always been the securing of speedy and happy marriages and all your wishes. In love affairs he never fails. He has the secret of winning the affections of the opposite sex.

It is the curse of Spiritualism that in all large cities there areis class of men and women who claim powers they do not possess. They have neither gifts, credentials, nor references. Surely the colored people are not so wanting ing in sense as to throw their time and money away on such. Dr. Shea refers to the Hon. Chas. Miller, capitalist, 2481 Atlantic Ave.; the Hon. Wm. Denmore, architect and builder, 47 Cleveland avenue, and Mr. Fred Lampe, grocer, 641 Fulton street, Brooklyn. All have known him for the past ten years. He gives a free test of his power to all. The doctor has practiced five years in New Orleans, St. Louis, Memphis, and Louisville; understands thoroughly the diseases, spells or influences the race is subject to. He has now and always had large patronage from them.

PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING:

Brooklyn, Aug. 15, 1891.—This is to certify that I came to New York from Albany. I was a stranger in a strange city, out of work and out of money. I had no luck in anything I undertook. What to do I did not know. A friend advised me to go and see Dr. Shea. I did. He told me the cause of my troubles; he took me in and treated me as a brother. Through him I got a good position that very week. I had been to others; they took my money and did me no good. I bless the day I first met Dr. Shea. I would advise all in bad luck, sick or in trouble to go to him at once.
Sincerely, Albert Ayers,
2987 Atlantic Ave.

Brooklyn, Aug. 15, 1891.—This letter is to certify that my husband had gone away and had been absent two years. I mourned for him night and day. I gave him up as dead. Hearing of the wonderful things Dr. Shea was doing I resolved to consult him. He told me that my husband was alive and well and where he was; told me he would come home and when. To my joy all of it came true. He is home now. came back like one from the dead. I also wish to say that this month I lost $250. I am a poor woman and I was almost insane. I went to Dr. Shea and he told me I would find my money and to my intense joy I did find it as he told me. I thank God there is a man so gifted in our midst that can help people and tell them what to do.
Sincerely, Mrs. Barrett,
121-23rd Street.

A SENSATION IN BROOKLYN—A MINISTER'S STATEMENT.

I wish to state that one of my parishoners was sick and in trouble for a long time, Mrs. Brown, 37 Gay street. No one seemed to under stand her case. She had several doctors, but none of them seemed to know what was the matter. None could do her any good. It was my duty as her pastor to call and see her. Hearing of the wonderful work being done by Dr. Shea the last few years, I thought I would call and see him myself, I found him a sympathetic gentleman. He gave me a wonderful test of his powers; told me to send him a lock of patient's hair, which I did by her daughter. He told at one what was the matter and in a short time cured her sound and well. Her family had seemingly been under a cloud. Now all is changed. All are well and prosperous. I can truely and and heartily recommend Dr. Shea, to all those in sickness or distress of any kind, Rev. William Johnson, pastor Lebanon church, Brooklyn.

Dr. Shea can show thousands such as the above.

DR. SHEA

has been carefully educated in the Homoepathic and Electric Schools of Medicine. His success is wonderful in curing paralysis, Rheumatism, Asthma, Sore Eyes, Tumors, Cancers, Constipation, Ague, Dypepsia, Tape Worms, Liver Complaints, Deafness, Catarrh, Dropsy, Piles, Nervous Debility, Heart Diseases, Consumption, Diseases of Women and Children, Fits, Kidney Disease, and all strange mysterious diseases which others don't understand. All diseases, no matter what they be. Nothing but honorable treatment. He can and will honestly tell you if you can be cured. Has all new remedies and new success. Has an ample experience in public hospital and private clinics. No trifling with human life. Call at once. Do not delay. Diplomas hang in parlors. Is a registered physician. A new remedy for rheumatism just discovered not a linament. Hopeless cases and those that others cannot cure solicited to call. Fat folks thin, the childless made parents. All letters must contain $1.00, two stamps, age. lock of hair. Charges for medical treatment only. Closed Sundays. Mention this paper.
651 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

'TWAS NOT TO BE!

OR

Cupid's Battle for Miscegenation.

An Up-to-date Romance Wherein the Arrows of the Little God of Love Often Missed their Marks.

Written for The Freeman by Augustus M. Hodges, (B. Square.)

Author of "Fred. Jackson's Vow," "Between Two Races," "Maid and Mistress," "Mr. John White, Jr.," "The Cedar Hill School," "Courtship by Proxy," "The Biography of Sarah Martin," "Robbing the Mail," "Judge Clifford's Daughter" (in press), "Marion Brown's Home," "B. Square's Bluster." "The Step-mother's Side of the Story," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVII

Business is business, no matter how unpleasant or out of the usual line it may be, the far-seeing business man accepts it as his calling or selection—the avenue whereby he reaches his bread and butter and takes hold of it in a business-like manner. Perhaps to the average thinking mind the undertaker is the most repulsive business man, his business strikes horror to our minds. The average person cannot see how a man can take delight in a business (all men take delight in their business when it pays) he is obliged to wait for the death of his fellowman. Still, some one must bury the dead, as the living continue to die. Therefore when the undertaker has lots of funerals he says like any other business man: "Business is good," not meaning at heart that he is glad an unusual number of his fellow citizens have died, but that being they have died he is glad that he has the greater lot of them to bury.

The superintendent of a cemetery is also a business man of this order, so when Brown rode out to the Cypress Hill Cemetery and told the business manager he wanted to purchase a plot, the following conversation took place:

"For yourself, sir?"

"Yes."

"How large a plot? How many in family?"

"The fact of the matter is," said Brown, "I have no family and no relation in this section of the United States. All my folks (brothers and sisters) are down South in North Corolina. They have either disowned me or I have disowned or forgotten them, and as I never intend to live there again, but here in New York all the rest of my days, I have been impressed (knowing how uncertain life is) to have a resting place—an honorable one—for myself. I do not want to be taken to Potter's field should I suddenly die friendless."

"The right view to take of the situation. I can give you a choice plot cheap, sir, if you decide to-day; could not hold it twenty-four hours, however, sir, as two parties were looking at it yesterday and both want it. They are coming back to-morrow to decide; in fact I did expect one here to-day. One is a colored lady—Mrs. Kempe—a widow—nice woman; do you know her?"

"I do not," replied Brown.

"Well, I'll show you this beautiful plot. Hey, Pat! bring around my horse and buggy and keep an eye on the office until Mr. Smith gets here."

The two men got in the buggy and the manager drove around in a circle several times, each time enlarging the same and showing Brown the plots of people of fashion and wealth until at last he reached a section of this beautiful city of the dead where he stopped the horse and jumping out of the buggy led the way up the side of a hill:

"Here is one of the finest hill-side plots in the cemetery," he exclaimed.

Brown had observed, however, that they were near the rear of the cemetery and at once concluded that the color line was drawn even in the city of the dead.

"How do you like it?" inquired the business-like cemetery man.

"Not at all; it's too far back. My friends, if I had any, could not find my grave, or if they did the flowers they intended to place at my head would be cooked by the sun before they reached this spot.

"Have you no plots more central or nearer the main entrance?"

"Well—yes, but not so cheap; this plot is only $50. I can show you a nice plot at $125, but this plot is a nice one; why I sold one of these plots to a colored man last month, a Mr. ——"

"Show me the $125 plot," broke in Brown.

The plot was shown; it was in the central part of the cemetery. Brown bought it and surprised the man by paying for it on the spot. It was duly recorded, etc., the deed made out with Brown's "next skin" who he named for some unknown reason as "Margaret Brown, of Norfolk, Va."

A few weeks after he purchased his plot a tombstone man called to see him and (having learned from the manager Brown had money and a good position) offered to put a first-class iron fence around the plot, and in its center a shaft of Vermont white marble at a price Brown concluded was cheap, so he gave him the order. When the work was completed, Brown would spend the greater part of fine Sunday afternoons walking around his plot. In everything anticipation is far greater than realization, and Brown enjoyed thinking how nice his grave would look and how quietly he would sleep his last sleep in the center of his plot.

After several months he aroused to the fact that there is more in this world to live for than preparing to die, (that is, pious reader in preparing a grave for one's self); that it is our duty to prepare to live; that God made the world's good things for us to enjoy during life, that the world was created for man, and he resolved to prepare to enjoy his share of its pleasures.

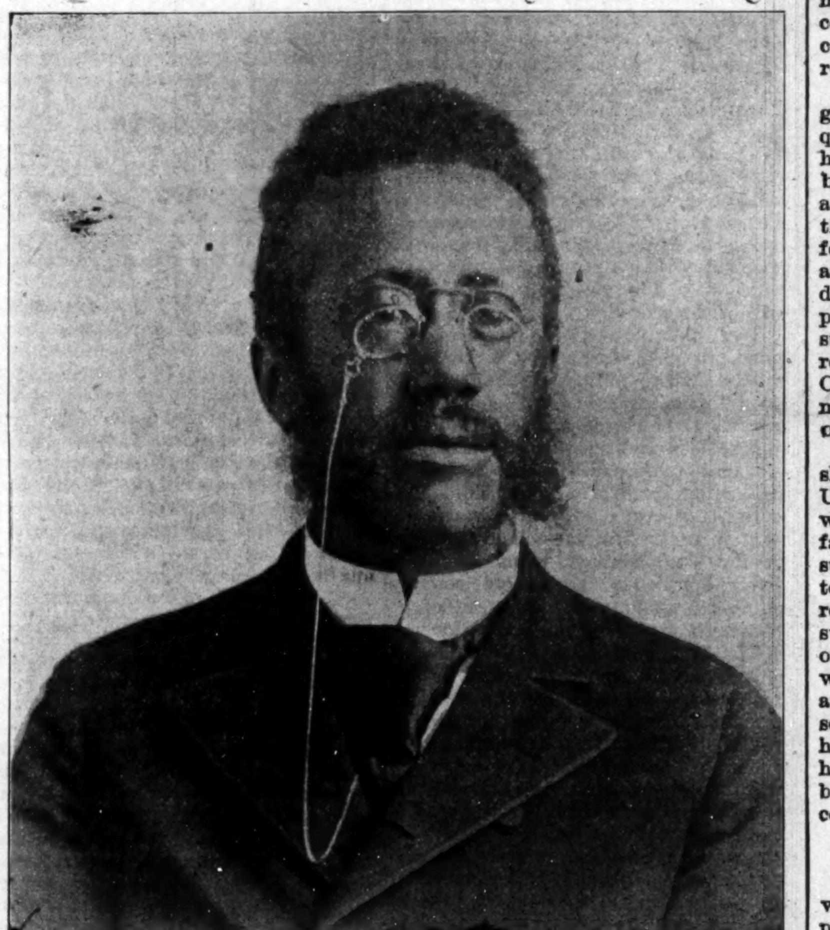
"I'm sure this world was never made
For dreary toil and sadness;
By boundless gifts of good displayed,
I'm sure 'twas made for gladness."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

St. Louis Brevities.

St. Louis, Mo., Special.

N. A. Wright and Miss Rosa Taylor are arranging for a sacred concert to be given at Quinn's Chapel, A. M. E. Church some time during the month of January. A prominent colored citizen of our city is negotiating for the erection of a large hall in which all of the societies can meet. It is proposed to have two halls, one for large entertainments and the other for those that are small. The ground-floor will be used for store-rooms, barber shop and baths. The gentleman's name is withheld for the present. Rev. Donohoo, of East St. Louis, is to lead Miss Abbie Hisom, a teacher in Simmons School, to the altar on Christmas day. Robert Grady, one of our young letter-carriers, is said to be on a still-hunt for a wife. Here is a chance for anxious mammas with marriageable daughters. Miss Mamie O. Smith is said to be one of the best teachers in our public schools. James W. Grant, who is easily the Ward McAllister of our exclusive social circles, says he will not re-marry, as he prefers to lead the life of a bachelor.



AUGUSTUS M. HODGES,
Author and Poet, Brooklyn, New York.

THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS.

With the Tinkling of the Joy-bells Many Little Ones Rejoice—Numbers Robbed of Their Birth-feast.

BY ALICE RUTH MOORE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

With the tinkle of joy-bells in the air, the redolence of pine and the untasted anticipation of saccharine joys to be, the child steps forward into the full heydey of his prerogatives. For this is childhood's time—it is the commemoration of a child's birth and the gifts brought him. It is a time of peace and gladness, say the children; it is our reign of love and gift-giving.

Yet, even the small kings and queens who reign over this carnival of joy are not all happy. There are many who have never come into their kingdoms at all—to whom the luxury of a real Christmas would be a foretaste of Paradise. Did you ever stop to think of this? You who are pushing and jostling in the shopping crowd, your arms full of expensive toys, your heart full of cheery cares lest some one be forgotten? We might have a little panorama for your especial benefit if you do not mind.

Julia is in school. She is seven and as unkempt as the school authorities will permit her. She is frequently absent from the morning session. We wondered why until we learned that her mother was "mos' all the time drunk" and didn't get up mornings, so Julia slept too to reduce the necessity for breakfast, and came straggling in, in the afternoons half stupid, wholly indifferent.

"What will Santa bring you," asked her nearest neighbor in school during a lively discussion about Christmas.

She shrugged her tiny shoulders, "Nothin' but another beatin' I guess." And the nearest neighbor turned away to tell her chosen friend that as she had four dolls now she didn't want another one just yet.

Matilda is in the same school. She is a swarthy, pretty black-eyed Hebrew. Her black locks are cropped short. She wears the uniform of an asylum not far away. Christmas? It is incomprehensible to her. Who was the Christ child? Why keep his birthday? But Santa Klaus she understands, and the gifts that are denied her. Dolls! why to possess even the tiniest one would seem too much happiness for mortal Hebrew maiden. As she heard the other children enumerating their toys it seemed to her wonderful that they did not unfurl wings, for surely only angels are so blessed. Why is she only had the wee smallest toy she would never speak in school again, so complete would be the measure of her bliss.

Florence is on the other side of the river and too small to be in school. So when it is warm she plays in the sunshine which freely attempts to clear the stagnant atmosphere. When the winds nip through from river to river she seeks shelter in a tenement, dark and fetid and noisy with brawls and drunkenness. Christmas? It means cold weather and shivering in a poor, thin jacket whose warmth was a thing of the past when it fell to her two years ago. Toys? Once she actually touched the dress of a gorgeously dressed lady doll, and the memory of it was like wine for weeks. Even now she regarded that hand in some measure as sacred.

Frank stands musingly before a window resplendent with gold and silver Christmas tree "fixin's". The poor child gazing hungrily in brilliant windows at holiday time is a figure that is well-nigh threadbare in juvenile fiction, but it is so pitifully, painfully true and ever-recurring. He clutches his baby brother by the arm and dreamfully wonders if there was ever one person on earth who was rich enough to buy all that. Baby brother grows impatient, for he is whimsical, and nurse Frank moves away sighing hopelessly. It was like longing for ice cream the year round to even dare wish for one toy.

Hattie listens to the Christmas talk and the Christmas noise and the fakir's wondrous stream of unchecked gab, and wrinkles her little face painfully. You see she is almost blind, and objects are but an indistinct blur to her. Blind at six through carelessness and ignorance, with not a helping hand that will lead her to a dispensary for treatment. She cannot see the wondrous windows; she can only hear and wonder. Who knows if in her gropings, mental as well as physical, there does not form the faultily famed wish for the Christmas present of seeing?

These little folks are not imaginary small personages created for Sunday-school literature and sentimental dissertations on so-called sociology. They are actual, evident, their counterparts around us, no matter where we may live. They have been robbed of the most precious birthright that Heaven bestows—their childhood, and their annual birth-feast is denied them—not because the world wishes them ill, but because the world is scarcely cognizant of their existence. And yet "Christmas is the children's time, the day of their rejoicing." Does it seem fair that to the least of them there does not filter some minute molecule of the general happiness, some infinitesimal spangled toy that would never be missed from the more fortunates ones.

THE SMILE OF A CHILD.

The smile of a child to a weary heart,
Like dew on the thirsty earth,
Is a springing well whence teardrops start
In flow of joy from living worth.

The smile of a child is a gift from heaven,
Brightening the way of toil;
Like golden clouds floating at even,
Bathing with beauty God's flower gemmed soil;

Like incense as its fragrance waves
And floats on the air the while
'Neath richly sculptured architraves
Or thickly peopled aisle.

Give me knowledge, give me health,
But in grief and sorrow wild
Give me the wealthiest known of wealth—
The artless smile of a child.

—Clark W. Bryan in Good Housekeeping.

BLOWN OUT TO SEA.

Helpless Birds That Are Driven to Death by Fierce Gales.

Birds driven before the wind are tossed about relentlessly, and they rarely recover their balance after once being caught by the gale. Shore birds are either dashed upon the waves and made to swim for their lives or they are hurled violently against trees or other objects and killed. Shore birds, when facing a gale, will take every advantage of trees, houses and hills as defenses against the wind. They will close their wings and sink so close to the ground as to get the protecting shelter of a hedge fence, and then swoop up again with renewed headway. They frequently advance before the gale by a series of side evolutions, flying at right angles to the wind until they have attained considerable velocity, and then wheeling about straight against the wind and making some headway before it overcomes them. This operation is repeated continually until the desired place is reached.

During our fall and early winter gales partridges and quail are quite frequently blown out to sea by a strong hurricane, where some of them have been picked up by fishermen. In nearly all such instances they are caught by the gale when high in the air, and before they can recover themselves they are hurried out beyond the shore and dropped into the water. With their plumage soaked with the spray they instantly become helpless and cannot reach the shore in the face of the wind. On our inland lakes and rivers this is a more common sight than along the ocean shore.

When once blown out to sea, the shore birds have little chance of escape. Unable to battle against the heavy wind, they yield themselves to their fate and drift about until the storm subsides. By that time they are likely to be so far from shore that they cannot reach it again, and they either fly or swim until they starve to death or die of exhaustion. Their dead bodies, along with those of the hapless gulls, terns and herons, are finally drifted upon some shore, where the waves leave them high and dry. After every heavy storm hundreds of such luckless victims can be found on the beaches of our Atlantic coast.—Our Animal Friends.

Machinery and Modern Farming.

The smallest implement upon a big wheat farm is a plow. And from the plow to the elevator—from the first operation in wheat farming to the last—one is forced to realize how the spirit of the age has made itself felt here and has reduced the amount of human labor to the minimum. The man who plows uses his muscle only incidentally in guiding the machine. The man who operates the harrow has half a dozen levers to lighten his labor. The "sower who goeth forth to sow," walks leisurely behind a drill and works brakes. The reaper needs a quick brain and a quick hand, but not necessarily a strong arm nor a powerful back. He works sitting down.

The thrashers are merely assistants to a machine, and the men who heave the wheat into the bins only press buttons. The most desirable farmhand is not the fellow who can pound the "mauling machine" most lustily at the county fair. He is the man with the cunning brain who can get the most work out of a machine without breaking it. The farm laborer in the west today, where machinery is employed, finds himself advanced to the ranks of skilled labor and enjoys a position not widely different from that of the millhand in the east. Each is a tender of a machine.—William Allen White in Scribner's.

Smoking Statistics.

Holland holds the first place in the world as a nation of smokers. Every Dutchman consumes on an average 100 ounces a year. The Belgian comes a good second with an annual consumption of 80 ounces, followed closely by Turkey with 70 ounces and the United States with 60 ounces. Germany, France, Spain and Italy tread closely on their heels, while the United Kingdom comes comparatively low on the list with 23 ounces.—London Tit-Bits.

How to Toughen Paper.

A plan for rendering paper as tough as wood or leather, it is said, has been recently introduced on the continent. It consists in mixing chloride of zinc with the pulp in the course of manufacture. It has been found that the greater the degree of concentration of the zinc solution the greater will be the toughness of the pap—

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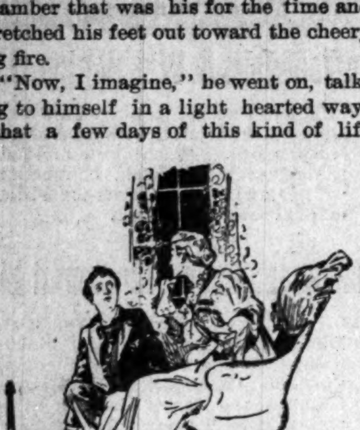
OIL ON THE WATERS.

A TALE OF TWO CHRISTMASES.

"Well, this has been what I call a Christmas," said Ben Habberton, with a great sigh of content as he threw himself into an easy chair in the great guest chamber that was his for the time and stretched his feet out toward the cheery log fire.

"Now, I imagine," he went on, talking to himself in a light hearted way, "that a few days of this kind of life



"OH, MY SON! HOW COULD YOU DO IT?"

would tempt even me to give up knocking about the world and settle down, as they all want me to. By George, I have a notion to do it. Mother says that granddad wants somebody to look after the estate, and if he could only trust me he would be glad to have me do it.

"Confound it all, that's what sticks in my crop. Nobody ever trusted me so far as I know, and I never would explain anything, no matter how suspicious the circumstances might be. So I always got blamed for everything. Hanged if I don't think that even mother used to think I took all the cream that any of the cats stole.

"Foolish, of course, to run away and go to sea, but what could a fellow do when he is always getting into scrapes and is too proud to deny anything even when he isn't guilty? Well, I've seen half a dozen years of life and had a good fling out of it, but I don't remember that I ever did anything to be ashamed of. Hello! Who's there? Come in, the door isn't locked. Why, mother, is it you? Crying? What on earth is the matter?"

Springing to his feet, he took the poor little lady in his arms and placed her carefully in the big chair. Then pulling a stool forward he sat on it at her feet, and laying his head in her lap said: "There, mother. Do you remember, this is the way I used to sit when I was a little fellow? Now tell me all about it. What has happened?"

But she only sobbed the harder for a time, and at length when she could command her voice she cried out passionately, "Oh, my son, my son, how could you do it?"

The curly head was lifted instantly, and the handsome, boyish face grew sullen and hard. Recklessness and pride were Habberton family traits, and Ben, though a younger son, was a true Habberton.

So he said nothing, knowing that he would hear more presently, and he did, for soon his mother talked on weakly and, if she had only known it, foolishly: "You know your grandfather always suspected you of being wild, and after you went to sea he always said you'd come to some bad end, and I had hard work to get him to ask you here for Christmas, but after you came he liked you ever so much. He would not have asked you to sit with him this afternoon if he hadn't, and even when he dropped asleep and you left the room he wasn't angry. He said of course you wanted to be with the young folks. But how could you take that money? You ought to have asked me if you needed any. I know you said you had come back as poor as you went away, but I did not think you needed it right away. I can return it to your grandfather, of course, but he is so angry that he says he will have you arrested in the morning, and I do believe, Ben, that he would have made you his heir. How could you do it, Ben?"

Ben had grown very white, and his fists were clinched tightly when his mother paused, but he said quietly:

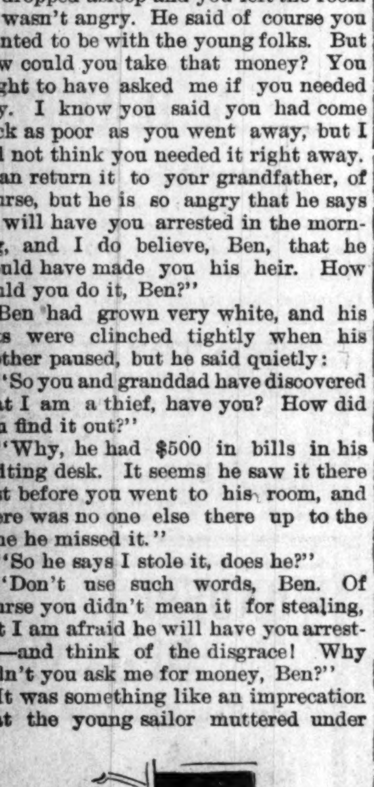
"So you and granddad have discovered that I am a thief, have you? How did you find it out?"

"Why, he had $500 in bills in his writing desk. It seems he saw it there just before you went to his room, and there was no one else there up to the time he missed it."

"So he says I stole it, does he?"

"Don't use such words, Ben. Of course you didn't mean it for stealing, but I am afraid he will have you arrested—and think of the disgrace! Why didn't you ask me for money, Ben?"

It was something like an imprecation that the young sailor muttered under



"HE IS GONE."

his breath as he rose to his feet and walked up and down the room for a few moments. But no word more of any kind could his mother get from him until she had exhausted herself with weeping and pleading. Then he led her to her room, and, kissing her tenderly, bade her good night.

Going back to his own room, he resumed his reverie. "Well," he thought, "I had a merry Christmas, for it's after 12 o'clock. And now for the old life. Cowardly, folks would call it, I suppose, to run away with a charge like that over my head, but I don't think it is. If I stay, the old man will surely make a row in the morning and there will be a great scandal. If I go, he will be too proud to make the scandal for nothing. He will call $500 a cheap price to get rid of good for nothing me, and that will be the end of it. Poor mother thinks I'm guilty, too, but they won't tell anybody else for shame's sake, and if they can't trust me let them think what they will.

"Five hundred dollars," he muttered, with a nasty sort of laugh, under his breath. "That's rather a small sum to turn thief for, but I wish I had a hundredth part of it just to get grub till I strike another job. I could get it from mother easily enough, but I'd rather go hungry than take it from her, thinking what she does.

"But it's best for me to go. I would not care so much about if it it weren't for Alice. Perhaps that's best too. I don't know whether she would care. Probably I never will know now, so here goes."

And opening his window carefully and noiselessly he swung himself out on a huge vine that clung to the side of the house, and, lowering himself hand over hand, he was soon on the ground. It was only five miles to town, and he was there long before daybreak.

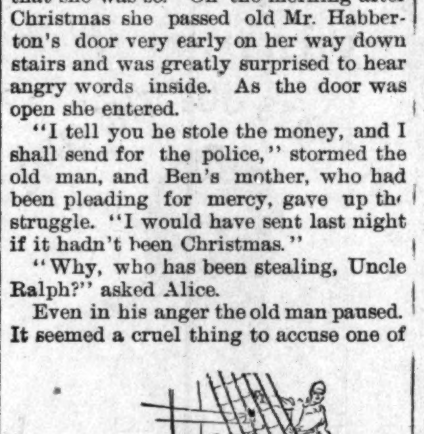
Now Alice was a certain wide eyed, clear witted, young second cousin of this headstrong youth. They had never met till three days before, but great things are done in three days when Cupid lurks around old fashioned country houses where the mistletoe is used among the decorations, and Ben was very much mistaken in thinking she wouldn't care. She would and she did.

Being quick witted, Alice was also impulsive, and sometimes it was well that she was so. On the morning after Christmas she passed old Mr. Habberton's door very early on her way down stairs and was greatly surprised to hear angry words inside. As the door was open she entered.

"I tell you he stole the money, and I shall send for the police," stormed the old man, and Ben's mother, who had been pleading for mercy, gave up the struggle. "I would have sent last night if it hadn't been Christmas."

"Why, who has been stealing, Uncle Ralph?" asked Alice.

Even in his anger the old man paused. It seemed a cruel thing to accuse one of



"IT'LL BE A MERRY CHRISTMAS, AFTER ALL!" HE EXCLAIMED.

his own kin, but the case was too clear. "That young rascal, Ben!" he exclaimed and told the story of the money.

Then Alice had occasion, if never before, to be thankful for her quickness. "I don't think Ben looks like a thief," she said, "but, uncle, you say you saw the money in your desk just before he came in."

"I certainly did," said Mr. Habberton.

"But are you sure you left it there?" asked the girl.

The old man looked at her in surprise Then one emotion chased another across his rugged features until presently he sank back in his chair with an expression of great disgust at himself.

"I'm surely getting old," he exclaimed. "I put it in the safe and forgot that I had done so. Don't let anybody tell Ben that I suspected him."

"But I told him last night," said his mother.

"Then go quickly and tell him to come here till I apologize. You have all of you been too ready to accuse that boy all his life."

This seemed rather hard to Alice, who had certainly never accused Ben of anything, but that wise young woman held her tongue while Mrs. Habberton hurried out of the room.

In a few moments she returned, exclaiming, "He is gone!"

* * * * * * * *

Lighthouse 34 was situated about half a mile from the mainland on the point of a reef that lay irregularly parallel to the shore, leaving plenty of clear water between. The coast was rocky, and the light was maintained as a warning, for a vessel that should approach too near was liable to be dashed to pieces on hidden rocks anywhere within a mile or two.

The lighthouse keeper had a helper, so that usually there were two men on guard at 34, but leave of absence for one of them was obtainable at times, and it happened a year after Ben Habberton had left his grandfather's house that the keeper had gone to spend a few days with his family at Christmas time, and Ben, who was the helper, was alone on the reef.

Long after midnight Christmas morning that impetuous youth sat up in the lighthouse tower, gazing out at the furious storm that raged and meditating by no means pleasantly on the events of the year.

"I shall go melancholy mad if I stay here long," he thought. "It is no life for a young man, and I wish mother hadn't asked me not to go to sea again. I was a fool to make her even that half promise not to. Well, she knows where I am by this time, and if she doesn't write and let me off from what I said I must leave here and look for something on shore. This is neither land nor sea.

"I wonder what granddad thinks and how he came to make such a mistake. Confound him! He ought to know that a Habberton couldn't be a thief. It was just like him, though, to jump at the conclusion that I had done something wrong. Every one in the family is hasty—except me. Hello! What's that?"

He had seen a faint gleam out at sea, and watching as only a sailor can watch he soon saw another.

"It is certainly a rocket," he exclaimed, talking to himself as his habit was when he was excited. "Some vessel is in distress. God help her and all aboard if they can't keep her offshore, and if she is disabled in any way that'll be hard work against this gale. If she's one of these coasting steamers and her machinery's broken down it's all day with her, for there's no anchorage outside the reef, and there's not a chance in 5,000 of her driving in behind without striking."

It was a coaster, and she was certainly beyond the control of those on board, for as he looked rocket after rocket went up in vain appeal, as it seemed. There was no life saving station within 15 miles, and Ben's eye was the only one that saw.

Nearer and nearer she came, driven by the awful power of the worst storm Ben had ever seen. Fascinated by the sight, he sat as if frozen, watching for the tragedy that seemed inevitable. He thought of the little boat below, but it was a hopeless thought. Twenty men could not have launched her from the rocks in the breakers that were dashing up, and no one man could have rowed her a rod if she had been afloat. All he could do was to sit and watch. He could see the ship now from time to time as she rose and fell on the waves, but every time she sank from sight he thought must surely be the last. He knew the cruel rocks that lay below the surface.

No earthly pilot cold have guided her among those rocks to the lee of the reef on which the lighthouse stood, but it was not written that she should be wrecked that Christmas day. Lying helpless in the trough of the sea, she drifted past rock after rock till Ben saw with amazement that she was floating in behind the reef, and still he watched with straining eyes.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet with a shout like a crazy man, and, rushing down the stairway four steps at a time, he seized an ax and a big pannikin in the room below and ran out into the storm. A thought had come to him of one chance in a million, and he was after that chance.

A single blow smashed in the head of a hogshead, and in another instant he was scooping out the oil it held with the pannikin and scattering it like mad as far as he could in every direction. The wind carried it all toward the vessel, and the great wonder of the sea was wrought almost in a minute, for as the oil fell the waves abated, so that the ship was immediately in smooth water. Overboard went her anchors as quickly as the captain could give the order, and she was safe.

For the rest of the night Ben watched, throwing a little more oil from time to time, and in the morning, the storm having abated, he rowed out in his small boat to the ship's side.

As he stepped on her deck the captain greeted him with such thanks and praise as could only be given by one who had just been saved from destruction. Then as the passengers crowded up to have their say Ben saw, to his amazement, his grandfather, his mother and Alice.

"We came after you, my boy," said the old man, "as soon as your letter to your mother came. You must come home again, this time to stay."

Ben looked at his mother and then at Alice. In both their faces he saw what he looked for, and then he answered:

"It'll be a merry Christmas after all, granddad," he exclaimed with a happy laugh. And it was.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

AN IMPOSING RITUAL

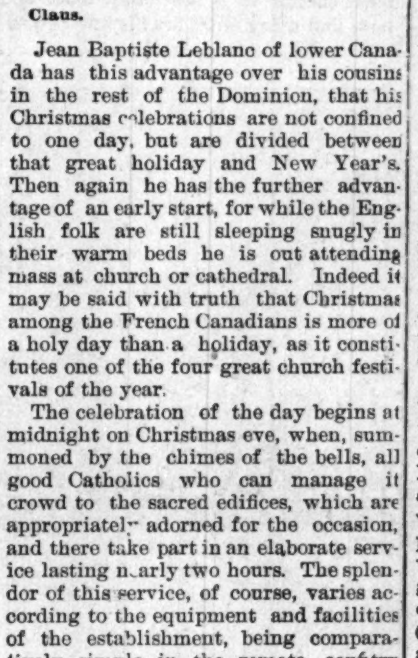
CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION AMONG THE FRENCH CANADIANS.

Where the Day Is More of a Holy Day Than a Holiday and Where Gifts to the Little Folk Are Not Credited to Santa Claus.

Jean Baptiste Leblanc of lower Canada has this advantage over his cousins in the rest of the Dominion, that his Christmas celebrations are not confined to one day, but are divided between that great holiday and New Year's. Then again he has the further advantage of an early start, for while the English folk are still sleeping snugly in their warm beds he is out attending mass at church or cathedral. Indeed it may be said with truth that Christmas among the French Canadians is more of a holy day than a holiday, as it constitutes one of the four great church festivals of the year.

The celebration of the day begins at midnight on Christmas eve, when, summoned by the chimes of the bells, all good Catholics who can manage it crowd to the sacred edifices, which are appropriately adorned for the occasion, and there take part in an elaborate service lasting nearly two hours. The splendor of this service, of course, varies according to the equipment and facilities of the establishment, being comparatively simple in the remote country churches, while in the large edifices it becomes a superb religious function.

The midnight mass in Notre Dame church or St. James' cathedral, Montreal, celebrated as it is before congregations of many thousand people, is perhaps the most imposing and awe inspiring religious ritual to be witnessed upon this continent. The musical features of these services always receive careful attention, with the result that the whole proceeding is made so interesting as to attract large numbers of Protestants who are willing to forego the comforts of sleep in order that they



NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL, MONTREAL.

may be spectators of the proceedings. To what extent this is the case may be judged from the fact that for the midnight mass in the Jesuits' church of Montreal, where the music is always of an exceptionally high order. Those not having the right to a seat in the church may obtain one by payment of a fee, and these seats may be reserved in advance, just as they may be for the theater or the opera.

Nor is this the only important religious function of the day. In many places there is also an evening service, where again the proceedings are very elaborate and ornate and the music very beautiful. Since the advent of electricity and its wonderful adaptation to purposes of ornament there has been added to this vesper service in Notre Dame church a novel and striking feature in the sudden illumination of the great altar. Just when darkness has enshrouded the vast edifice by means of innumerable electric bulbs cunningly concealed in the intricate and florid carvings the whole altar front is instantaneously illuminated, producing an effect which cannot be adequately described in words.

In the rural districts the midnight service, if not so sumptuous in its appointments, is indubitably more picturesque, for there, as the hour approaches, one sees the great stone church that dominates the parish lit like a vast lantern, and stretching from it on either hand the homes of the habitants, each one doing its little best in loyal imitation. Hardly have the big bells in the tower begun to ring out their clear call upon the crisp, cold air than the little bells on the horses' necks send back tinkling responses as one after another the carioles appear upon the road and speed swiftly toward the church.

The houses are awake and ablaze all night, for when the long service at last comes to an end the congregation does not go quietly home, but breaks up into little groups, usually consisting of family circles, that with chattering and laughter hasten indoor to enjoy the bountiful supper which is the reward of their piety and at which by immemorial custom doughnuts and potted head form the pieces de resistance. These family gatherings are perhaps the cheeriest of all the year. The strangeness of the hour, the sense of satisfaction at having done their duty as good Catholics, the inspiration, no doubt, gathered from the service they have just attended and the fact that the day already broken into is to be given up to pleasuring to the full extent of their ability, all these influences not only combine to put everybody into the best of humor, but to produce an exultation of spirits that drives all care and worry into temporary oblivion.

For those who are very piously disposed this midnight mass by no means completes the religious programme of the day, for if they so choose they may again attend high mass at 10 o'clock, vespers at 2 o'clock and benediction at 7 o'clock, thus practically spending the day in the church.

Not many, however, are so devout as all this, and the majority of the men go in for a good time, according to their taste, whether it be to gather at the tavern and play cards and checkers, or to regale one another with well worn stories garnished with tobacco and eau de vie, or to engage in horse racing, shooting matches and similar sports.

As I have already stated, Jean Baptiste divides his Christmas. By this I mean that two important features of the festival as celebrated by English people on the 25th day of December are reserved by the French for the 1st day of January—namely, the giving of presents and indulgence in especially good fare.

With regard to the giving of presents, in which the French take just as much delight as the English, it is interesting to note that these etrennes, as they are called, are by the little folk credited not to Santa Claus, but to le petit Jesu and are perhaps all the more enjoyed on that account.

As to the culinary characteristics of the day, my readers may perhaps be interested in a list of dishes, some or all of which may be found upon every French Canadian dinner table on this occasion. They are: Pain dore (toast with egg), pate aux patates (potato pie), poulet sauce blanche (chicken with white sauce), tourtieres (meat pie), graisse de roti (fresh pork grease), cochon au lait (sucking pig), paleron (roast of fresh pork—shoulder) and tarte aux snelles (pie made of haws).

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

The Boar's Head.

Aside from its religious observance and signification Christmas has always been a time of feasting and jollification. This temperament has descended to us from the days of the old Germanic and Scandinavian nations, when the time was set aside for rejoicing and pleasure prior to the Christian era, but even as late as the seventeenth century in England and throughout continental Europe the delights of the table were paramount. With our forefathers a soused boar's head was borne to the principal table in the hall with great state and solemnity as the first dish on Christmas day. In the book of "Christmasse Carolles," printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1521, are the words sung at this auspicious moment:

> The bore's head in hande bring I
> With garlandes gay and rosemary.
> I pray you all synge merrely—
> Qui estis in convivio.
>
> The bore's head I understande
> Is the chefe servyce in this lande,
> Loke wherever it be fande.
> Servite cum cantico.

Chaucer alludes to this custom in the following passage of the "Franklein's Tale:"

> James sitteth by the fire with double berd,
> And he drinketh of his bugle horne the wine.
> Before him standeth the braune of the tusked swine.

The Same Old Christmas.

A description two centuries ago of the festivities of Christmas shows little variation from present customs:

"Families take it by turns to entertain their friends. They meet early, the beef and pudding are noble, the mince pies peculiar, the nuts half playthings and half eatables, the oranges as cold and acid as they ought to be, furnishing us with a superfluity which we can afford to laugh at, the cakes indestructible, the wassail bowls generous, old English, huge, demanding ladles, threatening overflow as they come in, solid with roasted apples when set down. Toward bedtime you hear of elder wine and not seldom of punch. Girls, though they be ladies, are kissed under the mistletoe."

Christmas Greens.

In olden times holly was used only to deck the inside of houses at Christmas, while ivy was used not only as a vintner's sign, but also among the evergreens at funerals. For formerly "the rooms were embowered with holly, ivy, cypress, bays, laurel and mistletoe."

There are thousands of quaint old verses that could be quoted in praise of the rosemary, laurel and mistletoe. A love of nature, her fruits and flowers, her roses and vines with their mystic significance seems to have been a predominant trait among those who gathered at the Yuletide.

THE GROWING REFINEMENT.

Concluded From First Page.

and contumely, and holds himself alof more and more except as business demands contact. He has no growing reason to love or revere the whites as a mass; and if nations are proverbially ungrateful, what more can be expected of individuals, no matter how much fine theorizing there may be upon the subject?

With this increasing prejudice for reasons named, there is a growing race pride. This is taking firm root among the young who are being taught to look up to those of the race who have attained honor and distinction through merit. The school boy and school girl are studing their own race history with eagerness, either from the printed page or as tradition hands it down to them. They are finding out that it is not altogether a degraded race from which they spring. With the evidences of education, refinement and property among them or in hand, they see no reason why they should be despised for mere color or as in many cases for the mere possession of some drops of Negro blood or because of the fact of their previous condition—especially since the history of races and people reveals a history of varying degrees of service and servitude on the part of those who are now occupying the topmost round of the ladder.

It is a laudable pride based upon both the past and present; and, as we have said, they are more alive to all that pertains to race matters than any other set of young people on the globe. What is the omen? Does one think that the growing generation will tamely submit to the continuance of past and present grievances? Does one think that this thoughtfulness of the youth will be without fruit of some sort? Will these not have as much influence over their ignorant masses as have the whites over the ignorant masses of their own color? The exigencies are such that some sound philosophizing is demanded.

I repeat, the white man does not thoroughly know the Negro. He does not begin to know all that seethes and boils and ferments in the brains of this great growing class.

It is well to learn wisdom from the mouths of babes and sucklings and when these prattle of race issues it is an omen not to go unheeded.

IN THE SUNLIGHT

Concluded From First Page.

> By our fathers we would linger.
> Near our mother's graves we'd stay.
> But oppresion drives us thither,
> And to stranger lands we stray.
>
> We must leave, but will not grieve thee,
> Thee, our home, land of our birth.
> We will not curse, but ever bless thee,
> While our lives are spared to earth.
>
> Farewell, land that held our fathers,
> 'Till the Union made them free,
> We'll not help to mend the fetters,
> That once bound our race to thee.
>
> Fare thee well, now and forever,
> Heaven keep the safe and well,
> Though we leave in search of freedom,
> How we love thee none can tell.

This is not half the poem, but since I have seen the school doors in the West and the hotel doors in the North close against the Negro, I banish the thought, which was an idle dream, and in prose, not in poetry, say, that we need hang our harps on the willow, for we are in a strange land. We must find our way out of the wilderness. To do so we must put on the garment of self-pride of independence. We must get off the fence and be willing to identify ourselves with the Negro-Race. We must honor virtue and learn to love pleasures less and dollars more. We must help each other to grow in religion, morals and wealth, and when one reaches the dome of prosperity or of fame, don't throw the ladder down to keep others from climbing. We must love each other more. Friends we can be, and we must be a people. Too long like the grape vine we have been clinging to some stronger support. Let us like the trees of the forest stand alone. When traveling in the crowded cities of the friendly North, let us seek shelter among our own people. They will not turn us away.

My pen like my mind is weak, but with all, I can feel more than I shall ever acquire words to express.

With the Negro's consent to be himself, I see a light far in the distance. As I stand on Labor's heights, I view the promised land. With truth and virtue to lead, we will soon enter the gate and with others in the sunlight of this nineteenth century we will sing: "The land of he free and the home of the brave."

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ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY R. E. YOUNG.

When the gate creaked that October night, Marion Hartley, wife of the unsuccessful author-playwright, was torturing her wits afresh for a way to secretly induce some theatrical manager to recognize her husband's genius. Her flush faded as she heard admitted a man with a slow voice and a deliberate step. Both were unpleasantly familiar.

"Good evening," he said, bowing studiously. Tall, broad and perfectly dressed, he possessed a face only spoiled by its expression. "Is he accessible? Ah, yes, I see his light in there. Afraid I must disturb his inspiration, then."

"Indeed? He is very busy," she simply said.

"Of course." He sat down. "Er—may I ask how the great play progresses?"

No answer. It had come back that morning for the fourth time—declined. She pretended to sew until the position grew unbearable and then rose

"EH? THERE!"

and tapped at the door of that inner room in which her husband spent more hours than she liked to total. No reply.

"Gilbert, dear, don't start," was whispered fearfully. "He is here again—that Mr. Mainwaring. What shall"—

Why, he was not scribbling away feverishly. His head had fallen forward—asleep? When she touched him, he slowly roused to stare past her with eyes so dilated that she almost shrank.

"Gilbert, don't!" She was unconsciously on her knees now. "Oh, give it up, if it's killing you! I'll work, husband!"

"Eh? There! I was dreaming—my plot was just coming to me, and you—you disturb me so!" he said, putting her arms away. "If I lose grip of it this time, it—it—may mean madness! Marion, it was sublime! Only go away—do!"

He found his pen and started. Awed, apprehensive, too, she hung there as though hesitating whether to obey or snatch his precious manuscript away. Finally she stole out and stood guard at his door.

"My husband cannot see you tonight."

"Oh, very good, madam! Half this house was furnished with the £100 he coolly borrowed through me—before I knew, of course. Sympathy means forbearance. As you don't want it, I'll sell him up now!"

"You—you will not!" She ran and caught his arm. "I did not know it. I simply say—if you but knew how he has slaved and tried! Let me tell you something. Wait—and his play will be accepted. Yes! Tonight he has found his plot—the great idea he has missed for months. There!"

"Found his plot?" He stared incredulously, appearing to weigh the chances. "Bah! That was to have thrilled creation long ago. I will call once again next week, and then"— He went out without finishing it.

In a sort of stupor Marion sat down and waited—waited hour after hour. Then at last Gilbert came groping out, one hand pressed to his head, his face haggard, but ecstatic. Not even her white and hopeless face struck his attention.

"Done it!" he gasped. "I was coming to wake you. They—they say that every man is capable of one stroke of genius. Listen to this—but the room seems—why, Marion, I—I"—

The manuscript fell. She realized something and sprang forward. He had swayed and then toppled down.

Twelve hours later found him in the heat of unmistakable delirium. And the play! It was lying neglected upon his study desk. Weeks would pass, the bluff old doctor said, before his sanity could return. It meant that the home must vanish bit by bit—but what of that? Night and day she hovered over him. He had tried and failed. Only to save his reason! Then she would try herself.

In the first excitement she quite forgot Mainwaring, and his last veiled threat, until, precisely seven days after his previous visit, the girl informed her that that gentleman and a "friend" were waiting in the sitting room. Both frightened and desperate, she went down as far as the doorway.

"He is ill," she said, her face a study in supplication. "He knows nothing—perhaps never will again."

"There!" Mainwaring's teeth snapped. "What did I say? A planned affair! My friend here wants his money—or some equivalent. There is the agreement. I stay until I see your husband."

Marion managed to get "Then you must stay" past the lump in her throat. Then she ran back and locked the bedroom door.

"They've gone, ma'am," came through the keyhole at last. "They mumbled away for a time, and then they were suddenly quiet. I think they were frightened. They almost crept out."

Marion, sitting back from Gilbert's wild stare, found temporary relief in a stream of tears.

The first gleam of sunshine came at the end of three awful weeks. Hartley, physically safe, could cross his bedroom. Only it terrified her to realize that he was but a living automaton. Six weeks, and the mysterious stupor showed no signs of lifting. And when he crept down stairs again it was only to sit staring vacantly through the hours. And Christmas was close at hand—dear, joyous Christmas!

"It's most strange," said the doctor one day. "I've been thinking—what mild excitement would be likely to rouse him?"

"Oh, the theater—the play," she answered mechanically.

"Then take him. Here. There's a matinee advertised for tomorrow at the Jollity—some new and wonderful drama to be tried. The very thing!"

Gilbert, never seeming to wonder where the money came from, assented, and accordingly that next day, Christmas eve, found them both seated in the Jollity. If this failed—

The play commenced, but Marion herself had not come to be thrilled. Holding her husband's hand tightly, she sat stealthily watching for a sign of dawning comprehension. In vain. During the first and second acts his expression remained all but lifeless. Suddenly, however, Marion almost cried out. His thin fingers had been quivering. Now, half way through the last act, they closed upon her own crushingly. The lights were low, but she could see his eyes dilating. Only too thankful that every one appeared engrossed by the play, she whisperingly implored:

"Try, try and keep calm dear! It's nearly over."

"My plot—my play!" he said. "You—you have let them steal my brains!"

For the moment she was stupefied. Then, "Nonsense, dear," she whispered back. "It is safe."

"My very words," he gasped, not heeding. "Let me go. I've been robbed, robbed! I'll shout it all over the city!"

Then, indeed, she stared and tried to realize the play, but he was struggling past. There would be a scene. So, holding his hand still, she followed him out into the corridor. Before she could prevent it he had gripped an attendant's shoulder.

"Your manager—at once!" he breathed. "Your manager!" he repeated, as a swell of applause drowned the man's reply.

"The manager? In that box over there. What name shall I say?"

"Gilbert Hartley—the author of this play!"

They followed him round winding corridors and up to the door of a box. Two gentlemen were just emerging laughingly when the white faced man and whiter faced woman barred their way.

"Not yet! I demand," said Gilbert, pointing, "the identity of the man who writes himself the author of that play."

"Why," said one coolly, "I happen to be the author. Anything amiss?"

"You!" Hartley, looking like one just risen from the grave, put out two working hands. "Come here! Look me in the face. I wrote it—almost as it stands. If my manuscript is gone, you—have stolen it."

The finale was at hand. The audience, little dreaming of that side drama, sat spellbound. Then—then a crazy, unmistakable cheering rose to the roof.

"Author! Author!" went up. The situation was critical, the manager stupefied.

The "author," with Marion's wide, pleading eyes upon him, hesitated. Then he blurted out:

"No fraud at all! I bought that manuscript in a crude state from a man who claimed to have produced it. There is nothing discreditable"—

"His name?"

"I—I cannot give it. He was here just now. Prove that he stole it, and I am willing to divide all"—

The cries for "Author" were growing deafening, when Marion gave that little scream of realization and said:

"He was here—Gilbert, look—Mainwaring! He came for his money that day! He stole the papers for spite, thinking you might never know! Deny that name if you can!" she finished breathlessly, staring into the other man's eyes.

"Madam, I can't." Swallowing a lump, he gripped Hartley's hand. "Sir, my reputation is at stake. I must appear with you as joint author, but I promise you two-thirds of all royalties."

* * * * * * *

The audience was upon its feet, staring about in wonderment when the cur-

"I WROTE IT."

tain waved. Two men stood bowing in the footlight glow, and the foremost was Gilbert Hartley. Neither ventured a speech, and not a few people were puzzled afresh when next day a joint authorship was publicly announced, but the play itself was unanimously voted a thrilling success, and that was enough.

Enough—yes! Later that day, when the bells were pealing, Marion crept up behind her husband and placed a twisted sprig of holly upon his tired head.

"Laureled!" she whispered. "A little alliteration, dear—my king, my king, crowned on Christmas eve!"

And Mainwaring? Well, they simply allowed him to slip into oblivion. A long way up the ladder of literary fame, and climbing still, Gilbert Hartley can easily afford to be merciful to the man who tried to topple him off the first rung.

PREPARING THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

A CHRISTMAS EXPERIENCE.

An Incident In the Life of an Observing Traveler.

Several winters ago I had arrived at Odessa from Asiatic Turkey. The unlucky yellow flag, hoisted by command of the visiting surgeon of the port, compelled the brig I was in to toss about in the roadstead for a week before it was admitted to the quarantine harbor. Then I was required to send my clothes for fumigation, and at the end of another week the authorities permitted me to land and take up my quarters in the lazaretto for 14 days more, "on suspicion of plague."

The Odessa lazaretto is built in the form of a quadrangle. Each room is separated from its neighbor by a double wall, between which a sentinel takes his station to see that neighbors hold no communication with each other. There is a small courtyard in front of each room, and a double iron grating—

GUARDED BY TWO SOLDIERS.

one row of grating a few feet before the other—keeps the prisoners from any personal contact with the outer world, represented by the restaurateur and his aids, the surgeon and the chaplain. In the room adjoining mine were confined a Greek and a young woman, who passed a portion of their time in singing to the music of a guitar and occasionally a tambourine. Much of the rest was spent in eating, drinking and sleeping, to judge from the long intervals of silence. But there were noisy episodes which conveyed strong proofs that the lady could scold as well as sing, and sometimes the quarrels rose to a terrible pitch, a thump, followed by a scream, furnishing the climax. It was Christmas day. The snow fell heavily, deadening the sound of the church bells, which, through a broken pane, reminded me of the holy festival. I expected to hear my neighbors sing hymns. My own time was devoted to my books—the only relief to an enforced solitude.

Toward evening, while the guard slept, I distinctly heard the voice of the man Greek. He seemed to be growling rather than speaking, and in the intervals of his silence I heard the female sob. Not a very "merry Christmas," thought I. Sometimes one voice rose above the other. The one was shrill, the other loud and angry. Then there was a scuffle; then all was tranquil. Night had fallen, and I had hoped the parties had gone to sleep. But again the murmurs, the expostulations, the outbursts, disturbed my quiet. And now the woman became voluble, and spasmodic bursts of grief alone interrupted the torrent of her eloquence. Often the man called out what appeared to be "Silence!" adding a few words, none of which was distinct enough to be caught, in a minatory tone. Then came another struggle, words, bitter words, stifled cries, a heavy fall, a scream, silence again.

I could not sleep. What had been the issue of the last quarrel? Had the "peace and good will" taught by the Redeemer, whose natal day the outer Christian world was celebrating, ultimately prevailed, and were the recent antagonists illustrating the Horatian maxim that the falling out of lovers is the renewal of love? Or had the last fall so stunned the feebler of the two individuals as to render the revival of either love or anger temporarily impossible?

I was not long in doubt. It was past midnight when I was awakened by dolorous cries and heavy sobs, vehement protestations and earnest apostrophes in the voice of the man. I knocked loudly at the wall to suggest silence. He evidently did not heed the knocking. I called out in good Italian, "Be quiet!" It was of no avail. I roused up the guard and asked him what was the matter with the gentleman. My custodian suggested he was drunk. I could not, however, divest my mind of the idea that a deed of darkness had been perpetrated.

The night wore away. I could not sleep. I no longer heard the voice of the woman. Even the man's voice was hushed. But instead of the usual sounds my ear was assailed with knockings on the floor and a noise as of a saw or file at work. When the restaurateur came round in the morning to take orders for breakfast, I told him what I had heard and suggested that the lady might be ill and need medical aid. He went next door, but was sent away with the intimation that nothing was wanted. Two or three more days elapsed. The time had arrived for my release. On the very day indeed when I was to be emancipated my neighbors were also to be freed. I heard the officers arrive next door. Some words were uttered, followed by an altercation. Then the man cried bitterly. What could be the matter? More officers came. The man was fettered and taken away. Where was the woman? He had stabbed her in his anger, and under some absurd notion that her existence would be forgotten by the authorities he had taken up two planks and deposited the dead body of the poor girl beneath them. This explained the operations which followed upon the silence. When I was released, I saw my quondam neighbor sitting in a veranda of the place where I went to reclaim my fumigated apparel, guarded by two soldiers. He was a little old man of malignant aspect. I remembered having seen him at the harbor with a handsome young Greek whom I supposed to be his child. No one knew exactly what their relative position was. It was enough that he had shed her blood on Christmas night.

W. A. GILCRIST.

The Treating Habit.

It was Pope Telesphorus, who died before the year 150 A. D., who instituted Christmas as a festival, though for some time it was irregularly held in December, April and May. But for centuries before there had been a feast of Yule among the northern nations whose great enjoyment was in drinking the wassail bowl or cup. Nothing gave them so much delight as indulgence in "carousing ale," especially at the season of short days when fighting was ended. It was likewise their custom at all their feasts "for the master of the house to fill a large bowl or pitcher, to drink out of it first himself, and then give to him that sat next, and so it went around." This may have been the origin of that popular American custom known as "treating." It is certain that upon our Christian observance of this glorious day have been ingrafted habits taken from rude and barbarous people.

The Difference.

First Goose—What's the difference between a Christmas turkey and a Christmas girl?

Second Goose—I dunno.

First Goose—Why, one is dressed to kill, and the other is killed to dress.

Reminder of an Old Custom.

Hundreds of old country people, especially of Irish birth, will remember the Christmas candle which is lighted and placed in the window at midnight of Christmas eve and allowed to burn there on the successive nights until it is all consumed. It is one of the most interesting of all the customs associated with the religious celebration of the Christian festival. It is symbolic, of course, of the "Light of the World," but some hold that with the mistletoe, the holly and the festive practices of the season it goes back to Druid or pagan origin and is derived from some olden symbolism of the returning warmth of the sun. However this may be, it is not generally known that the custom has been preserved in Canada to this day by a few old country people, comparatively speaking, to whom Christmas would not bear its holy message without the tall wax candle shining in their window.

CHRISTMAS FEASTS.

OLD TIME DINNERS OF AMAZING PROPORTIONS.

What They Used to Eat In the Days of King Arthur—Boar's Head Served With Ceremony—An Ancient Dinner to the Poor.

It is almost impossible to say when the custom began of celebrating Christmas with a sumptuous feast. It is certain, however, that the observance has never lapsed since English history began. Whistlecraft, a writer who delved deeply among the traditions and records of the reign of King Arthur of the Round Table, describes the Christmas dinner of that day in verse:

They served up salmon, venison and wild boars
By hundreds and by dozens and by scores,
Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons and fatted beeves and bacon swine,
Herons and bitterns, peacock, swans and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons and, in fine,
Plum puddings, pancakes, apple pies and custard.
And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
With mead and ale and cider of our own,
For porter, punch and negus were not known.

This bill of fare is doubtless more poetic than accurate, yet it is not far out of the way. One notable omission is that of the wassail bowl, for wassail, though it was a drink of the ancient Druids of the third century and probably earlier, was for many hundred years a favorite British drink and came to be a distinctive feature of Christmas feasts. It was first made of ale, or what was then considered ale, sweetened with something that did duty for the more modern sugar. Just what that was is today unknown, but it was sweet. Then there was toast, and there were roasted crabs, put hissing hot into the bowl—a queer drink, but such as it was it was liked.

As time went by the recipe was varied till, perhaps 1,000 years or so later, the wassail bowl was filled with wine, well warmed and spiced, with toasted bread and roasted apples. If wine were not obtainable, ale was used, but the apples were deemed indispensable and really seem to have been an improvement on crabs. Doubtless it was the white pulp of the apples that gave wassail its nickname of "lamb's wool," and it was therefore an anachronism that crept into the account of King Arthur's feast when the boy with the mantle cast a spell over the table, for it is told that on that occasion only one knight found his sword sharp enough to carve the boar's head or his hand steady enough to lift the lamb's wool without spilling it.

It will be noticed that King Arthur had neither turkeys nor geese, though both of them are now distinctive features of the Christmas feast. The turkey was not taken to England from the east till the sixteenth century, and, though the goose was known before, his gastronomic value seems not to have been discovered.

But if Arthur's feast seems gargantuan it was a frugal repast compared with those that came later. Gervase Markham describes a "moderate dinner" of about A. D. 1600 that would answer for Christmas in the following amazing way:

"The first course should consist of 16 full dishes—that is, dishes of meat that are of substance and not empty or for show—as thus, for example: First, a shield of braun with mustard; secondly, a boyl'd capon; thirdly, a boyl'd piece of beef; fourthly, a chine of beef rosted; fifthly, a neat's tongue rosted; sixthly, a pig rosted; seventhly, chewets baked; eighthly, a goose rosted; ninthly, a swan rosted; tenthly, a turkey rosted; the eleventh, a haunch of venison rosted; the twelfth, a pasty of venison; the thirteenth, a kid with a pudding in the belly; the fourteenth, an olive-pye; the fifteenth, a couple of capons; the sixteenth, a custard or dowsets. Now, to these full dishes may be added sallets fricases, quelque choses and devised paste, as many dishes more, which make the full service no less than two and thirty dishes, which is as much as can conveniently stand on one table and in one mess. And after this manner you may proportion both your second and third courses, holding fulness on one half of the dishes and show in the other, which will be both frugal in the splendour, contentment to the guest and much pleasure and delight to the beholder."

Surely a "moderate dinner" like that would make a lord mayor's banquet seem stingy, yet there is ample evidence that such feasts were not uncommon "in that elder day." Not every one, however, set such a table, even when he could afford it, for Pepys records a dinner given to the poor by Sir George Downing one Christmas at which nothing was served but beef, porridge, pudding and pork. It may have been better than the recipients usually had for everyday fare, but they voted it a mean entertainment for Christmas.

The boar's head, as is well known, was for hundreds of years the piece de resistance of every well regulated British Christmas feast, and it has been held by some writers that it became the favorite because of a general desire to protest against the Jewish prohibition of pork. A more probable reason is that the boar was the fiercest of all the wild beasts of the country, and killing him was the highest achievement of the huntsman. Then, again, his head is very good to eat.

Whatever the reason, the great dish was served with great pomp. It was served in style. A forgotten poet wrote:

If you would end up the brawneis head,
Sweet rosemary and bays around it spread.
His foaming tusks let some large pippin grace,
Or midst those thundering spears an orange place.
Sauce, like himself, offensive to his foes,
The roguish mustard dangerous to the nose.
Sack and the well spiced hippocras, the wine
Wassail, the bowl with ancient ribands fine,
Porridge with plums and turkeys with the chine.

The mere dressing of the dish did not suffice, however. The ceremony of bringing it into the banquet hall of a great house was most imposing, for it was not brought without a procession. First came a runner in a horseman's coat with a boar spear in his hand. Then a huntsman in green with a naked and bloody sword. Then two pages in sarcenet, each with a mess of mustard, and last the bearer himself, chosen for his size and strength, proudly holding the huge silver platter on which the boar's head lay.

Such was the plainest procession that entered, always with music, for a Christmas carol was always sung. What the magnificence of the wealthiest houses was may be imagined from the fact that King Henry II, having caused his son to be crowned during his own lifetime, himself served as bearer of the boar's head at his son's table and was preceded by the royal trumpeters as he entered.

The splendor of these ancient feasts would doubtless seem barbaric now, but the profusion of the viands seems wonderful. In comparison our modern spreads seem small, and one wonders if in the elder day all men were like the one who died only lately and who made a reputation by a single remark, "The turkey is an excellent bird with one serious fault—he is too big for one person to eat and not big enough for two."

DAVID A. CURTIS.

Santa Claus In the South.

"Whew! What would the children say if they saw me in this rig?"

The Useful Holly.

If we believe Pliny, the Roman historian and naturalist, the holly is a potent tree, exclusive of its Christmas privileges. As far back as his time it was planted near dwelling houses to preserve them from lightning. The learned philosopher not only tells us this, but says that its flowers cause water to freeze, and that if a staff of its wood be thrown at any animal, even if it fall short of touching it, the animal will be so subdued by its influence as to return and lie down by it. As the American holly blooms in June it will be easy to try the effect on water.

Holly has also found a place in medicine, but it involves such heroic treatment that I fear the faculty will scarcely approve it. In many districts of England the country people advise you to thrash your chilblains with holly leaves and assure you that it is a perfect cure. It may be. There it has also been recommended in a decoction of the leaves for rheumatism and for intermittent fever. Lonicerus recommends it for a pain in the side commonly called "a stitch."

Sheep and deer will eat holly in hard winter, and branches are fed to cattle for fodder in France when other food is scarce.

The holly of Europe and the holly of the United States each will grow to be a tree of some 40 feet in height. The wood is even grained, white as ivory, except in the heart of old trunks, and takes an exquisite polish. It has been much used for "inlaying." Many articles said to be of ebony, such as the handles of teapots, etc., are holly stained.

Santa Claus.

Once upon a midnight dreary, as I pondered weak and weary over all the Christmas presents that a boyish fancy draws, while with sleep I tried to tussle, tried with all my might and muscle, suddenly I heard a rustle, like the noise of Santa Claus. Though with fright I fairly shuddered, for fright I had no cause—it was only Santa Claus. Then I listened more intently to the sound that crept up gently to my chamber, where my wonder almost caused my heart to pause, and I heard the candy spilling, as the stocking he was filling, and I wished I'd left a shilling there for dear old Santa Claus. And the noise I heard so plainly in the room adjoining pa's was only Santa Claus. Anxious now to get a peep, down the stairway did I creep, all impatient for a glance, although against the laws, and it filled my heart with dread, as with sudden fear he fled and jumped into mamma's bed—naughty, naughty Santa Claus! And the stories that we hear each year are as thin as summer gauze. Fraud stupendous—Santa Claus!

A Christmas Gift.

Startling appearance in church on the Sunday after Christmas of Uncle Hiram in the new overcoat his city cousins sent him.

MISTAKES IN OUR RELIGION.

Purify the Church—How and by Whom it Must be Done—Erroneous Ideas Indulged in by Many.

BY J. C. M'ADAMS, MARTIN, FLA.

In all ages of the world there have been errors in the practice of religion. So many and great were the errors under the Mosaical dispensation that it became necessary for Christ to come and correct them.

It is not strange that there are many erroneous ideas in our religious life. These errors have their origin at the beginning of our religious life. Many of our people have a wrong idea of what religion is, and especially of what conversion is. The common idea is that religion is a certain feeling, and that when a certain physical feeling, "which is better felt than told," is experienced they are converted, and a recurrence of this feeling is an evidence of religion. It is surprising how prevalent this idea is among our intelligent people.

Our pulpits emphasize "heartfelt religion." Our jubilee songs are full of this idea. Our seekers, when asked why they do not profess, say they do not "feel like" they are Christians. In our class and covenant meetings the "feeling" idea predominates. This idea of feeling is perhaps all right if it could be understood that this feeling is intellectual rather than physical; that religion is something to be reasoned out rather than felt; that it is a science and not simply an art; that the "logic of the life" is the main thing in religion. In the infancy of our freedom days naturally we thought and understood as children, but is it not now about time we were putting away childish things?

I am persuaded that three-fourths of our people do not know their a b c's in religion. Weigh the above assertion before condemning it.

In many of our churches dancing is a sufficient offense to exclude one from membership, while the adulterer, notorious though he be, can pursue the even tenor of his way. The person who pays all his church dues, whatever his shortcomings, will get along all right in the average church. Magdalenes can sing in our church choirs, and everything goes "merry as a marriage bell."

The minister should remedy these evils. They are retarding our moral progress. "But," says one, "whenever we start at that we start on the road to starvation."

To such an one we reply: "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily shalt thou be fed." Can you not as a minister trust God? Religion must be the basis of our racial progress; but that religion must be pure and true religion. Purify the church.

GOOD READING.

A Christmas present, The Freeman one year $1.00.

***

Never wear a watch and chain—however dainty and ornamental in design—with an evening gown.

***

Mr. Thomas Harmon, of Hampton, Va., is the largest truck shipper of the race, in the State. He ships yearly thousands of barrels of all kinds of vegetables.

***

Judge D. Agustus Straker, has been invited to assume the position of Consulting Counsel of the Negro National Protective Association, of which Hon. Geo. W. Murry, ex-member of congress is president.

A REMARKABLE MEMORY

Has Dillard Simpson—The "Hotel "Hat Man"—Handles Hundreds of Hats but Makes no Mistakes.

The "hat man" at a hotel is one of the most important employes in the place. It is a mystery to most people, when they leave their hats at the entrance of the dining room in large hotel, how they ever have their own hats returned to them without a single mistake. Yet this is the case, and, strange as it may seem, the "hat man" is always ready with the correct hat. Dillard Simpson, the polite colored gentleman, who takes the hats at the Duncan, is one of the best "hat men" in the country. During the Centennial he frequently handled as many as 200 or 300 hats at a time, and not a single hat was lost during that whole period. Before coming to Nashville he worked for years at the Aragon, at Atlanta, and during that time, specially while the Atlanta Exposition was in progress, he frequently handled hundreds of hats at one meal without a blunder. The highest number of hats he handled in Atlanta at one time was 580. His system of giving the right hat to the right man is probably similar to that of other "hat men." He associates the face of a person with the hat handed him, and by cultivating this habit his memory has been increased in a remarkable manner. Many lecturers on the cultivation of memory advanced this idea of association of objects. The lecturer tells you that if you wish to remember persons and names, you must associate the name of the person withsome peculiarity of his person, as a crooked nose or freckles on the face. This is exactly how the "hat men" at the hotels manage to keep track of the large number of hats handed them. Simpson is one of the best hat men in city. The Alanta Constitution and Journal have given him extensive write-ups, and he is certainly an artist in his line.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

ALEXANDER SANDERS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Welcome Xmas, we kindly greet thee,
Open wide are the doors in our land of the free
Come therein as oftimes before
Cheering sad hearts and soothing many foes.

Sweet are the chimes on Xmas night
Ringing anthems of joy and delight
Welcoming the hour of our Savior's birth
And greeting the day he came upon earth.

Bright lights are shining from every source,
Reflecting all nature with active force,
While church bells are ceaseless ringing
And merry children gallantly singing.

Happy are all the dear little ones
That hung mamma and sister's big stockings or
their own little ones,
When they awoke this morn to find them filled
With many things Santa Claus did bring their
little hearts to thrill.

All praises and blessings to the day he was born,
May we in its realm of light ever adorn;
Oh, murmuring souls, where art thy reason!
Give thanks and rid thyself of treason.

Oh, what happy thoughts Xmas doth bring
With joyful tidings descending like showers
of rain
To the memory and honor of him who has died
And gone to prepare for us a home beyond
the skies.

Hark the sound of clamoring bells
Melodious are their gleeful knells,
Making this day alone seem most dear,
But next Xmas chimes we may not hear.

To-day we cast one backward glance,
And view fleeting life's rapid advance;
We fain doth see twelve months have past
Since we enjoyed a happy Xmas last.

Happy are we in joy and splendor
To open unto thee our welcomes most candor,
While to-day's sun is briefly falling
Repeating life's solemn but sublime calling.

Soon from us you will depart
But our memories from thee ne'er shall impart
Eager shall be our every cry
For thee again to draw most wondrously nigh.

Return, Oh return, in all thy glowing
And re-instill in us thy mirthful love's flowing!
We'll ever gladly greet thee with good morn
For blessed is the day our Savior was born.

No, Maud, dear, we never heard that whisky was good for the voice, but it certainly does strengthen the breath.

Hobson—"He's so eccentric I don't like to walk by him on the street." Jobson—"Why?" Hobson—"Afraid of being arrested for passing the queer."

Nell—"Miss Kostique recommended Mr. Strait as a good portrait painter for me." Bell—"The spiteful thing!" "Why, isn't he really good." O! yes; but he's a strict follower of realism."

"They say." remarked the extremely stout one, "that he just married you for spite." "Well," replied the thin one, "if he had married you for that he would have gotten about 200 pounds of it."—Philadelphia Plaindealer.

Married.

Springfield, Tenn., Special.

Jerry Ganaway and Miss Cora Warren were united in wedlock Nov. 20 at 7:30 p. m. at Wesley Chapel M. E. church. Both are members of this church. J. F. R. W. Summerhill, P. E. officiated.

Insulted Him.

Ferry—What was the matter with Johnson last night that he should get insulted when I asked him to drink? He is not a total abstainer, is he?

Wallace—It was the way you put the question. He is subject to attacks of kleptomania, and when you asked him if he "wasn't beginning to feel like taking something" he got hurt, very naturally.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The most northern lighthouse in Great Britain, the northwest tower on the coast of Shetland, is built on a rock 200 feet high, the summit of which barely affords room for the necessary buildings. The rock itself has the appearance of a gigantic iceberg.

The highest ascent ever made by man up a mountain is believed to be that of Zurbriggen on Aconcagua, one of the peaks of the Andes. He reached an altitude of between 23,000 and 24,000 feet.

If you are starting on a long walking tour, thoroughly soap the inside of your stocking heel with the common yellow soap used in laundries. This will prevent your heel blistering.

In Zululand, when the moon is at the full, objects are distinctly visible at as great a distance as seven miles. By starlight one can see to read print with ease.

All lovers are alike, and that is why they correspond.—New Orleans Picayune.

A CHRISTMAS SERMON

LESSONS TAUGHT BY THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

The Duty of Charity and the Nobility of Self Sacrifice—How Art Has Paid Its Tribute to the Nativity.

It was the distinctive glory of Christ's evangel not that it introduced a new code of morals or of social ethics, but rather that it emphasized the force and broadened the scope of those existing and gave them higher sanctions and infinitely greater importance from being exemplified in the perfect life of Christ himself. There were people who had been just, true and God fearing before Moses brought down the tables of the law from Mount Sinai, and men acted the role of the good Samaritan, animated by the purest benevolence, thousands of years before Christ taught by precept and example the duty of charity and the nobility of self sacrifice. Even the sermon on the mount only presented in concrete form rules of conduct which regulated the lives of many in all ages, not with the force of law, of which there might be none, but as a result of self originated conviction and feeling.

Love in Christ's code of ethics was both the soul and body, the animating principle, as well as the performing agent. It was no longer be true, kind and pure because it is a duty so to be, but be all that because you love to be so. No mere formal acquiescence or compliance will meet the requirements of this new presentation of the moral law. It demands absolute obedience, but as the outcome of love, not as the result of authority or the claims of duty.

Has the Christian church (assigning to this term its widest and most comprehensive meaning) ever come within measurable distance of realizing the exalted Christ ideal? Yes, possibly, in the apostolic age and for a short time subsequent, but it would be absurd to claim that the Christian churches of today, great as is their influence for good, are animated by the spirit of the early Christians or inspired by that divine enthusiasm which made each one of them a center of light and largely transformed society throughout the known world within a century after the birth of Christ.

We are now like Moses on Mount Nebo—we see the promised land, but it is still in the dim distance, and we are apparently getting no nearer to its haven of rest—but how soon would the prospect change were the gospel of love and humanity, preached and lived by Christ, to become a distinctive feature of our civilization instead of the materialistic and selfish motives which largely sway modern life and determine conduct!

The Saviour was born under the humblest possible circumstances, as if to show how low in the estimation of God are all the pomp and magnificence of that wealth and power which men prize so highly. His Virgin mother was poor, his foster father was a mechanic, and he himself dignified labor by earning his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Christ was emphatically the Saviour of the poor, and those who bear his name best show the sincerity of their professions by imitating him in his loving kindness and benevolence. Charity is a duty incumbent upon Christians at all times, but even the most humane will feel prompted to be kinder and more sympathetic while celebrating the advent of one who displayed during his whole lifetime upon earth a divine compassion and pity for the poor and the suffering.

Not the least of the lessons taught us by the birth of Christ is not to despise the humblest or be hopeless of the most depraved of that species so honored by Deity that he came and took its form and assumed its nature with all its imperfections. However low in the scale of being persons may be, there is a spark of the divine in them still, a trace of that promethean fire breathed into man by the source of all life and all consciousness which constituted him a living soul.

The story of the advent and of its climax—that amazing act of self sacrifice—has been the solace of the weary and heavy laden in all the intervening centuries. The song of the angel choristers chanted over the lowly place of his birth, conveying heaven's message of deliverance for man, has sounded throughout the centuries, like an undertone of hope, above the discords of life and the mutterings of despair.

Philip James Bailey in "Festus" writes:

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

The stupendous mystery of the advent and the perfect life that followed it made it possible for mankind to attain the high state of perfection so beautifully illustrated by the poet. Precepts were not wanting before, but henceforth there was a perfect life as a model for all ages.

Doubtless all events, however impossible it may be to perceive their trend, contribute to

That faroff divine event
Toward which the whole creation moves.

The poets have sung of that day, philosophers have written of it from the earliest times and optimists think they see its near approach, but it must be confessed that the signs of its coming are not promising. Education and culture, art and science, while they may prepare the way for it, are at best only subsidiary. That day will never dawn until human society is permeated by that spirit of love and unselfishness which characterized the life of Christ.

NEIL MACDONALD.

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GEO. W. HAYLER, D. P. A.

A Great Play.

"I can't afford," said the man of moderate means, "to go to many places of amusement, but I am admitted free to the play with the longest run on record, 'The Struggle of Life.'"—New York Sun.

About the year B. C. 220 edible serpents were sold at a penny each in the Egyptian markets. They were shipped to Rome. Italian vipers were cheaper, costing about a half penny each.

In Asia the average number of inhabitants per square mile is 48; in Africa, 15; in America, 8; in Australia, 1.

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A REVIEW OF OUR PAST

Year's Existence as a Race of People—Evidences of Advancement—Will Annexation Retard our Progress?

BY D. AGUSTUS STRAKER, DETROIT, MICH.

At the close of the year it is appropriate that the Afro-American review the course of advancement, if any, which he has made during the year. It is so because we are not only in a state of probation as a race, but we are engaged in a struggle for our political and civil rights, aye indeed for even our natural rights. I would fain, in complying with your request, to send you a line or two for your Christmas issue, endeaver to discuss some literary topic, or invoke the muse if she would listen, and I would interpert her aright, sing some songs of amorous story, or tell the tale of some hero as of old, in the seige of Troy, or at the pass of Thermopylac; but I am reminded that so long as the Afro-American has business of his own, concerning his race struggles for Justice, he has no time for song nor story, fiction or ideality.

One more year is added to our existence as a race of people, citizens of the American Republic. Have we added to our achievments in the struggle for our civil and political rights? Have we progressed along this line of material prosperity? Have we made intellectual gains in seeking knowledge? Are the spots of darkness in our moral life, caused by the oppression and influence of the blight of slavery fading, and the light of refinement and culture illuming our lives? Is our industrial opportunity widening and are we getting the benefit of earning our "bread by the sweet of our brow," as God has commanded?

To all these inquires I think we may safely reply we have done according to the apportunity given us. And yet we find ourselves denied, and wanting in those privileges which develope manhood, and cultivate patriotism. Citizens without a countries protection. During the past year evidences of our capacity have been especially seen in the achievments of young Tanner the Artist, and poet Dunbar. In both of these well known events, a strong rebuke has been given the White American in general. He has denied the capacity of the Negro in art, science, literature and music until the evidence has been forced upon him.

A Negro Colony in Alabama is now to be essayed and ere one act is performaned the white American of this State predicts failure because of the alleged incapacity of the Negro for self Government, as if kingdoms and powers, principalities and states, have hot been established and then decayed under misrule, corruption venality and crime of the Anglo Saxon.

The struggle between the two races, black and white, in America is one of force and not principle. It is based pure and simple on prejudice. But dear reader, at this time of the closing year have you not observed how the walls of this unchristian practice are tottering and decaying, how the battlements and towers tumble and fall, as the gate is opened, and the draw bridge closed and Negro intelligence, industry and energy cast their missiles at the castle of Negrophobia, in the hands of onr Tanner, Turner, Arnett, Derrick, Bowen, Knox, John M. Henderson, Bruce, Stewart, Fortune, Mitchell and the others of a mighty phalanx.

Then let us look forward with new hope and increased energy.

Lynching is dying out in spite of occurrences. But while we have gained we have also lost. The champion of human rights and freedom Frederic Douglass has been gathered with the old warriors, Garnett, Whipper, Delany, Dr. McCune Smith, and others. The chiefton in defense of our civil rights John M. Langston, has followed to join the heroes of yore, Wendell Phillips Charles Sumner, Lovejoy, Garrison, Cato, Elliott and the host of host of veterans in the strife of equal rights and exact justice to all men, and the destruction of caste prejudice. I believe that the day is near at hand when we shall see for a' that men shall brothers be. But we must have opportunity—more opportunnty to rise in the scale of life; and 'cowards be they who hinder us. Life is a gift from God to man, and the exercise of its activities belong to none exclusively. To enter upon discussion of this would but be to repeat myself in your columns. But let us demand, as well as make our opportunity. From those who would deny it, it must be sought. By ourselves it must be established. Why the white man is seeking to keep us back is a mystery. Dosn't he know this is an impossibility, as 30 years of freedom have proven. He may impede our progress by denying us entrance into the workshop, in the counting house, in the marts of commere, in political preferment and in poor wages; but he cannot weaken God's arm, or destroy his purpose. An existing harmony between the two races would be far more profitable than strife or contention. Let the closing year find us closer together. Our humanity is common, as our Creator is single. We are all his children.

But what have we to say about Hawaii and Cuba? Will annexation swell our burdens, improve our habits or increase our difficulties? These chiefly dark-skinned people, will start anew the Negro problem in regard to annexation.

Who can deny that Cuba is entitled to recognition by us as a belligerent power and why is she not recognized? Why is the annexation of Hawaii opposed? It is because some people fear that new complications will arise with the colored portion of the inhabitants of these Islands. Thus it is that this disease, like an epidemic spreads and becomes contagious even in international affairs.

It is the one thing that the U. S. must divost itself of to be a great nation among nations, since color or race prejudice is the smallest thing a man or a nation can possess.

Annexation of the entire islands contignous to the American continent should be fostered. The benefit would be mutual. No other power should have dominion over them. They should either confederate and be an independent power, or become a part of the U. S. Their natural resources need Yankee push and enterprise.

As there are many writers on this occassion and space is valuable I conclude these brief views with—A happy Christman and a prosperous New Year to the enterprising Freeman.

Milwaukee Notes.

Milwaukee, Wis., Special.

R. B. Montgomery of the Helping Hand and western agent for The Freeman, has just returned after an absence of a week on business. He met with much success, through strenous efforts, he has succeded in furnishing young men and women employment in and out of the city. At Salem Baptist church the Rev. Odeam delivered a very interesting sermon last Sunday. The leader Mrs. J. C. Smith deserves to be complimented. Miss Daisy Liles sang a solo at Salem church which was exceptionaly good. At the A. M. E. church the Rev. Higgins took his text from the Kings 2, 17. The Christian Endeaver at the A. M. E. church under Rev. Higgins' effort has been attracting much attention of late.

CIVIL SERVICE LAW.

Egoism is the Lense Through Which the Negro Must View His Situation—A Glance at Civil Service.

BY T. REGINALD CLARKE, DETROIT, MICH.

We are, as a race, daily reminded of our political, industrial and social isolation. So overshadowing is the caste prejudice against us, that there are indeed very few economic or social problems confronting American statesmanship, which can be viewed by us upon broader lines than race interest will permit. I am distinctly conscious that Benjamin Disraeli although a Jew, was at no time in his very remarkable career any the less an Englishman. And that an American Negro, should also be none the less an American because of his ethnology; cultivating every taste, hope and aspiration peculiar to the great Republic. But, circumscribed, forced, and pressed in upon, from every side of American life, economic and vital necessity, compel us to view American questions through the eyes of egoism Some of us have convictions no doubt upon the money question not entirely in accord with the prevailing opinion of what constitutes "sound money." Some of us have convictions that the centralization of financial power, trusts and corporate greed are not the most benevolent influences, to insure safety to a theoretical democracy like ours. And upon many other important national issues as a race we are at heart not entirely unanimous in our secret, honest soul conviction.

But if there is any one question upon which we as a race should stand unanimously, it is upon the civil service. And while philosophic statesmanship itself supports the continuance of the present civil service laws, egoism alone should enlist our sympathy in their support. Conscious each day of every year of our political isolation, the civil service laws can make no discrimination of race, and our youth with mental tests alone stand upon common ground with their more highly-favored neighbor in the race for official preferment. We are distinctly aware of the improvement in efficiency, morals and punctuality of governmental administration since the adoption and extension of the civil service laws. But were we neither aware of this improvement, nor cared at all about it, self-interest or race interest alone should unify us upon this issue. Under the spoils system every change of administration was followed by a revolution in office, thus reducing to a minimum that competence and efficiency which alone is the result of experience and tranquility in office, removed from the uncertainties and mutations of politics. And further, the operation of our civil service laws creates a conservative force in the republic which, being removed in theory from political strife, could withstand in America, as it has withstood in France, the severe shock of revolution. France has been visited by fourteen revolutions in one hundred years, and the civil service of that country, fostered by admirable laws and removed from the frenzy of popular excitement, has saved it from destruction upon more than one occasion. Therefore if we as a race, losing for a moment our own identity and merging ourselves into the broader classification of patriots, desire to support the fabric of government with pillars of sound laws, well-grounded in experience and history, let us then support the present civil service laws. But if we desire a more potent person than this, let it be that of race interest, and not blind to the fact that the selection of aspirants for official preferment by competitive examination is far better for us than to pin our faith, as we once did, upon prevarication, unkept promises and broken pledges, which form in a degree amazingly large the character of a majority of those successful in the scramble of politics. I am in favor of even a further extention of the civil service laws, because it would be accompanied by a further extention of our opportunities as a race. And so ultra am I in my advocacy of the competitive system that I would like to see the United States Government own and operate every railroad and telegraph line in the country; for this would mean that we as a people, under the competitive system, would then be enabled to secure upon railroads other employment than that of porters, and in telegraphic service other employment than that of the most laborious or menial character.

HON. D. AUGUSTUS STRAKER,
Detroit, Mich.,—See Article "A Review of Our Past."

BLACK ELI.

J. C. M'ADAMS, MARTIN, FLA.

White man, you may think you're sharp,
You may spread your wily net there;
But before you play your harp,
Black Eli will surely get there.

You may think you have him blocked;
But before you stake your bet there:
Long before your gun is cocked,
Black Eli will surely get there.

You may cheat him day by day,
You may bring him out in debt there;
But in some mysterious way,
Black Eli will surely get there.

You may bind him down in chains;
You may think you have him set there;
But with all his aching pains,
Black Eli will surely get there.

You may take away his rights;
You may keep him in a pet there.
Notwithstanding all his plights,
Black Eli will surely get there.

You may choose your field of battle;
You will learn when you have met there;
Though he's like dumb driven cattle,
Black Eli will surely get there.

You may bar up all your gates sir;
You may pile up many a let there,
Even in these hellish states sir,
Black Eli will surely get there.

You may make it rough and thorny;
Though he be as black as jet there;
From old Maine to California,
Black Eli will surely get there.

This place, that, or the other,
Whether it be dry or wet there,
Wheresoever you go my brother,
Black Eli will surely get there.

Heaven or hell or purgatory,
You will dare not make a threat there
You had better learn this story,
Black Eli will surely get there.

RACE GLEANINGS

The will of H. C. Crosby, for twelve years superintendent of the State Negro Normal School at Plymouth, N. C., has been probated at Raleigh. He was a Raleigh man and a graduate of Shaw University, to which he left almost all of his property, valued at $7,500 to found a scholarship for young men.

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The lengthy contest of Robert W. Clark, Jr., colored, for admission to the Maryland School of Art and Design, Baltimore, Md., has been decided against him. It was a vigorous fight to break down the color line at the institution. Judge Ritchie dismissed the petition for mandamus for Clark's ad-

***

mission and found against Clark on every point, declaring that Clark could not ask for such mandamus under the constittuion of the United States or under the contract of the city with the institute. The case will be taken to the Court of the Appeals, of Maryland, and may reach the United States Supreme Court, as a question of interpretation of the Constitution of the United States is involved.

BUSINESS MEDIUM.

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TWO GREAT CHURCHMEN

Of a Great Denomination—Character of Each as Compared by an Eloquent Divine—The Future.

BY J. M HENDERSON, M. D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

In my last article on "Great Men of the A. M. E, Church," Bishop B. T, Tanner was the subject of what I had to say. He was choosen because he is the most modest of all of the truly great men of the race. There are few men of the race who could possess his ability, wear the laurels which he has won, and at the same time be characterized by his humility which is his distinguishing trait. In antithesis I would now hold up the bold old Roman, Bishop H. M. Turner. Bishop Turner cannot read a book without making a noise, he is a real born sensationalist.

He makes a stir when he sits down and raises a racket when he gets up. From the cradle to the present moment he has been the most conspicious figure in everything with which he has been associated. He was the loudest boy on the play ground, the most dashing youth in scenes of mirth and the most daring man in the battles of his church.

Of nearly all of the other great characters of the A. M. E. church it must be said that they are the resultants of African Methodism. but Bishop H. M. Turner must be regarded more as an initiatory force than as a product. He has done more to expand and to develope his church than it has done to make him great. He has not obeyed its traditions, been found by its ideas been shaped by its customs nor directed by its tendencies but all along the line he has infused new ideas, projected new enterprises, dashed out in new directions of thought and trampled traditions, prejudices and narrow notions under foot as an army tramples grass and weeds. If he has had anything to say, he has always said it; if he has thought that anything, should be begun or done, he has acted upon his convictions. He made not the slightest effort to conform to the ideas of the general conference which elected him to the bishopric. He asked for no votes upon the grounds of popularity, he promised to stand for no set of notions and pledged himself to the support of no prejudices. He was just himself out and out, and asked for consideration upon no other grounds. What a contrast between a character possessed of such strongly marked individuality and the many weaklings of to-day who are cringing at the feet of potentates and smirking in the presence of the people, hoping thus to become popular and to win the votes neccesary votes to attain a high place. Of what service to God, to man, to the race or to the church could such characters hope to be? In taking their opinions from their surroundings and in simply yielding like wax to prevailing notions they but play the role which the Negro has been forced to play for centuries, and become the characters that are most properly held in contempt by the strong and manly races. Great men mould opinions—weaklings reflect opinions.

There are a great many features of African Methodism the which, if we trace them backward, would lead us to the initiatory force, which we would find to be the individualism of Bshop H. M. Turner. He has operated along a different line from that pursued by Bishop B. T. Tanner, but his individuality has been as clearly marked, as constantly preserved, and has always been far more conspicuous. He is far from being as strong a man as the quiet Bishop B. T. Tanner, but he is a more conspicuous man. Bishop B. T. Tanner is found always along certain fixed lines of thought and activity; Bishop H. M. Turner is found everywhere and anywhere throughout the entire range of thought and action open to a bishop and a race leader. The reason is not apparent on the surface, but it is plain when investigation is taken deeper. Bishop B. T. Tanner acts according to certain fixed principles of thought. Bishop Turner acts according to impulses and sympathies The former is a man who holds himself well under control; the latter is a man who brooks no restraint, but who goes through life unbridled. If we keep in mind these points of difference it will be easy to see how both Bishop H. M. Turner and Bishop B. T. Tanner have been characterized by strongly marked individuality and have become great and yet present such distinct contrasts all along the course of their lives. Had it not been for the A. M. E. Church Bishop B. T. Tanner might have been equally as learned as he is, but he would never have created a church. Had not Bishop H. M. Turner found a church in existence when he entered upon his career it is quite likely that he would have created one. Bishop H. M. Turner would founded a nation in Africa, or at the North Pole, if he could manage it. He belongs to that type of men represented by the daring adventurers of Rome, who pushed their way to unknown regions; to that class of men who were as restless as the sea until old age or death put a period to their activity. Bishop H M. Turner has written books, but Bishop B. T. Tanner has produced and created literature. Bishop H. M. Turner has initiated movements, but Bishop B. T. Tanner has shaped thought and defined methods. If left to himself Bishop Turner would long since have been buried amidst mountains of well-begun but unfinished tasks. Bishop B. T. Turner is not so prolix of new things, but is unflagging in his execution of work once begun. Bishop H. M. Turner has kept his church busy carrying out or else weeding out the thousand new things he starts every year. Every year he discovers some individual whose future greatness he proclaims whose ambition he fires to fever heat and whom he forgets within two months and discovers another. Thus he keeps the woods full of aspirants for all manner of impossible honors. He had five candidates for missionary secretary at the last general conference and settled on Dr. Parks only on the day of election. Had the election come off at one time he would have favored Anderson, at another time Beckett, at another time Lee, and at another time, perhaps, Mitchell, but at the end he settled back to Parks. Each candidate had more or less of an idea that he was the choice of Bishop Turner. No one felt angry and no one saw anything particularly inconsistent in this freak of the bishop. He acted in the end according to his sympathies and feelings at that time, and would have gone in another direction just as heartily at some other time when his feelings were different. There is absolutely no use for anybody to enter into schemes and combinations with Bishop H. M. Turner as an essential factor, for no one—not even himself—knows or can know what course he will take when the moment of action comes. The main purposes of his heart are directed unselfishly toward the welfare of his race and his church and his actions all point in that direction. So far as the best interests of the church are concerned Bishop Turner's actions are always safe, but he is a very uncertain quantity for any individual to tie to. I have seen him drag up a man before a conference, try and expel him in one evening and then sit down and weep with him the next morning. He pitied the individual, but his stronger feelings were for the church. Bishop H. M. Turner is not a weak man, but he is an uncertain man when his actions are forecasted according to ordinary rules; but when you have studied him and learned the secret of his conduct you can always be able to say that he will at a given time do "one of two things," but you can never get closer than that, nor tell which one of those things it will be. His life would read like a romance. He is the most conspicuous man of his church and one of the most conspicuous men of the race. He is bold, has great force of character and possesses strong sympathies. His force of character has often been mistaken for strength of character and his deep and whole hearted sympathies have often been mistaken for deep convictions Bishop H. M. Turner has few convictions because he is not of the mental cast that makes convictions possible. He does have fixed sympathies, which always assert themselves at the crucial moment and sweep away his mere opinions as chaff.

He was born in South Carolina sixty-four years ago. From his mother he inherited much German blood. His grandmother on the maternal side was an Amazon, who lived to be ninety years old. Through the conditions of the times young Turner, though born free and possessed of a preponderance of white blood was classed as a Negro and grew up in the social sphere assigned to the free colored people of his native State. It was thus that he imbibed many of the superstitions which have exercised so great an influence upon his character. He early began to believe in dreams and at this day a fortune-teller can influence him. He had to work and work hard, and his struggles against injustices upon the part of cruel taskmasters exercised and strengthened his manhood. He thus became tough of fiber and escaped the servile cast of character that is always imprinted upon those who are taught to recognize such a term as master. He picked up a knowledge of the rudiments of English and then began voraciously to devour books His reading and study have not been systematic, nor has he ever been trained to think. His mind is a vast store-house of information, but it is not classified. If he wants to talk about any particular thing he is forced to overhaul all of his knowledge relating to the general subject in order to find what he wants. That is why his speeches are so long and his utterances so voluminous. This prolixity of thoughts and words won for him the reputation for great learning from the uncultured minds which he dazzled in the days of the past At the present day he is classed as a man of extensive information, original in manner of utterance and of fair intellectual powers. He is not a good reasoner, because he always goes off in vagaries when he reaches a perplexing point, but he knows a little on a vast number of subjects. He has occupied several prominent civil positions and was never a silent figure in any of them. He was a pioneer in the conquests of African Methodism in Georgia. He was already both a famous and a great character when elected as manager of the publishing department of his church in 1876. He has written a number of books and a mountain of newspaper articles. He has been more frequently, extensively and honorably mentioned in the great papers and periodicals of the world than any other man of the race during the past twenty years. He has made several trips to Africa and to the islands. He made his first trip to Africa at a time when the timid men of the church regarded such a trip as almost certain death. In his life he has seen a little of nearly everything and has done a little of a vast number of things, but has ever been true to his sympathies for the race and the church.

He stands to-day as the most conspicuous figure among the survivors of the recent past and is one of the most universally beloved men of the race. He is loved but not venerated; he is admired but not particularly respected. He can create great sensations, but cannot do much to influence conduct. He is good, but is by no means pious; he is forceful but not sturdy; he is great but not powerful. He will be the most conspicuous figure in the history of the church as it will be written by the next generation, but, like Bishop Quinn. his name will grow dim as the years recede. Unlike Bishop Payne, he will not leave back of him any great ideas crystalized in institutional forms. He has initiated a great many things, but those who have taken them up and carried them forward have become known as the authors. The work in Africa is the only great achievement of which he cannot be robbed. Bishop Turner planted the work in Georgia, but Bishop Gaines wrote a book about it and it will appear in history as the real hero of that great achievement, although in reality he was but an incident. Bishop Turner will scarcely be in the grave before his noble aims concerning Africa will be obscured by those who scramble for his shoes, or else perish in the hands of incompetency as are slowly perishing the great aims of Bishop Payne.

But a future generation may produce a true historian and may be characterized with a spirit of history, and thus truth may yet shine out clear. This generation can not produce a history of the A. M. E. Church. It can furnish the money to gather data, that is all. The prevailing notion is that the history of the church must be written by a bishop, and it is lodged in a bishop's hands to do it. It will not be done. No bishop in active service has the time, nor can he be in the right frame of mind to perform the task.

I have concluded this sketch of one the most conspicuous men of the race. I have tried to penetrate beneath the surface and to exhibit the great character of which I have written in the light that it will be seen by the impartial minds of the next generation, which will study Bishop H. M. Turner from what he has left in words and deeds, and not from personal observation. Bishop H. M. Turner, the bold and Bishop B. T. Tanner, the modest, each gaeat in character and immortal in achievement, stand before us in a light that is unmixed with the glamour of prejudice or partiality, stand forth in the form and figure in which the generations to come will behold them as they look down through the lengthening vista of the increasing years.

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A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

What Shall it Be?—Shall we Resolve to Leap Over Barriers and Surmount Color Caste?

BY JOHN P. GREEN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Now that the blessed Christmas season is with us again, and the little ones are enjoying the good things which Old Sauta Claus has left with them, let us, "children of an older growth," turn aside for a few moments and frame a new resolution for the New Year, which is now just before us.

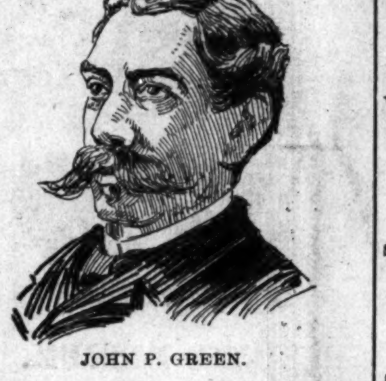
What shall it be? Shall we resolve that, during the remainder of our life time we will leap over barriers, surmount color caste and social ostracism, and rise to such sublime heights as shall command the admiration and respect of all men? No.

Shall it be that, during the ensuing year, we will read so many volumes of facts, of fiction or artistic and scientific lore? No.

What, then, shall be our new resolution, the consummation of which, in the future, will bear us onward and upward, nearer to God, the source of every good and perfect impulse, and help to render our needy race more prosperous and happy?

Let this be our motto: We will in the future, accept and regard each new day as a perfect gift, bright and untarnished, fresh from the hands of Almighty God; we will accept it in gratitude and humility, and so use and occupy it; that at the end of each, we can render a good and adequate account thereof.

My idea of a successful life is, not that a person, when he comes to die, can say: "Behold, I have removed a



JOHN P. GREEN.

mountain!" or "see, I have bailed the ocean day!" but can say, "All that Thou gavest me to do I have done!"

In other words, the successful man or woman is not the one who has done the most, but he who has, consistently and faithfully, done his whole duty as best he could.

How many of us, burning with a commendable zeal for the accomplishment of some high purpose, press eagerly forward for its consummation so completely absorbed in the contemplation of this that all else intermediate is lost to us. With our gaze intently fixed on that object, which, oft times, like an ignis fatuus, eludes us, or, like a mirage of the desert, retreats before us, we rush forward, crushing beneath our feet the little flowers by the way-side, which bloom for us, or trampling into the mud and mire priceless pearls, which can never be regained.

Let us, then, resolve that during 1898 we will so receive and live each day that at its close we can rest in the consciousness that we have added something to the sum total of godliness and human happiness

"Nor let soft slumber close your eyes,
Before you've recollected thrice
The train of action thro' the day.
Where have my feet chose out the way?
What have I learned where'er I've been,
From all I've heard, from all I've seen?
What know I more that's worth the knowing?
What have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?
Or into what new follies run?
These self inquiries are the road
That leads to virtue and to God."

Interesting Notes.

Tullahoma, Tenn., Special.

The people are preparing amusements for the holidays. Rev. R A. Hill, P. E., is in our town and held a successful quarterly meeting at the A. M. E. Church Dec. 12-13. Little Arta, the six-months-old child of Mr. and Mrs Davidson, died on the 7th inst. Rev. Marchbanks, of the Baptist Church, who has been engaged in a series of meetings at Murfreesboro, has returned home. Rev. J. H. Purkley paid Winchester a short visit last week. Mrs. Lucy Davidson is on the sick list.

EXCURSION RATES.

Via Pennsylvania Lines for Christmas and New Year.

Following the annual custom, Ticket Agents of the Pennsylvania Lines will sell excursion tickets Dec. 24th, 25th and 31st, 1897, and Jan. 1st. 1898, for the Christmas and New Year Holidays. Ticket will not be sold to adults for less than 25 cents, nor to children for less than 15 cents. Return limit of excursion tickets will include Jan. 4th, 1898. For rates time of trains and further information please apply to nearest Ticket Agent of the Pennsylvania Lines.

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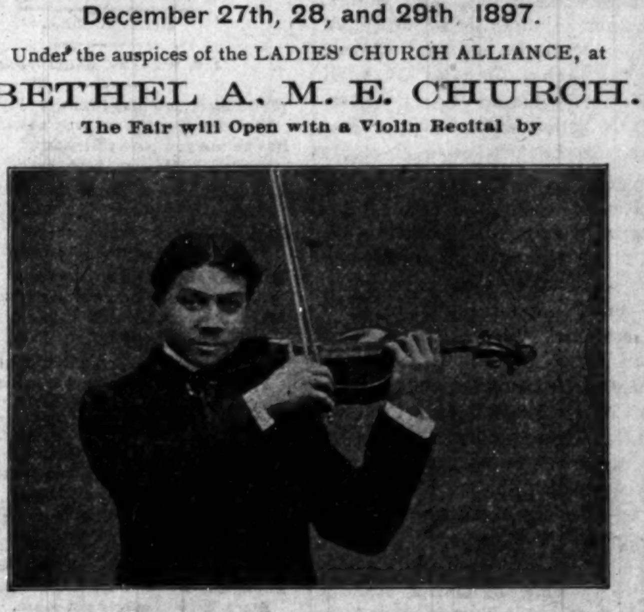

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